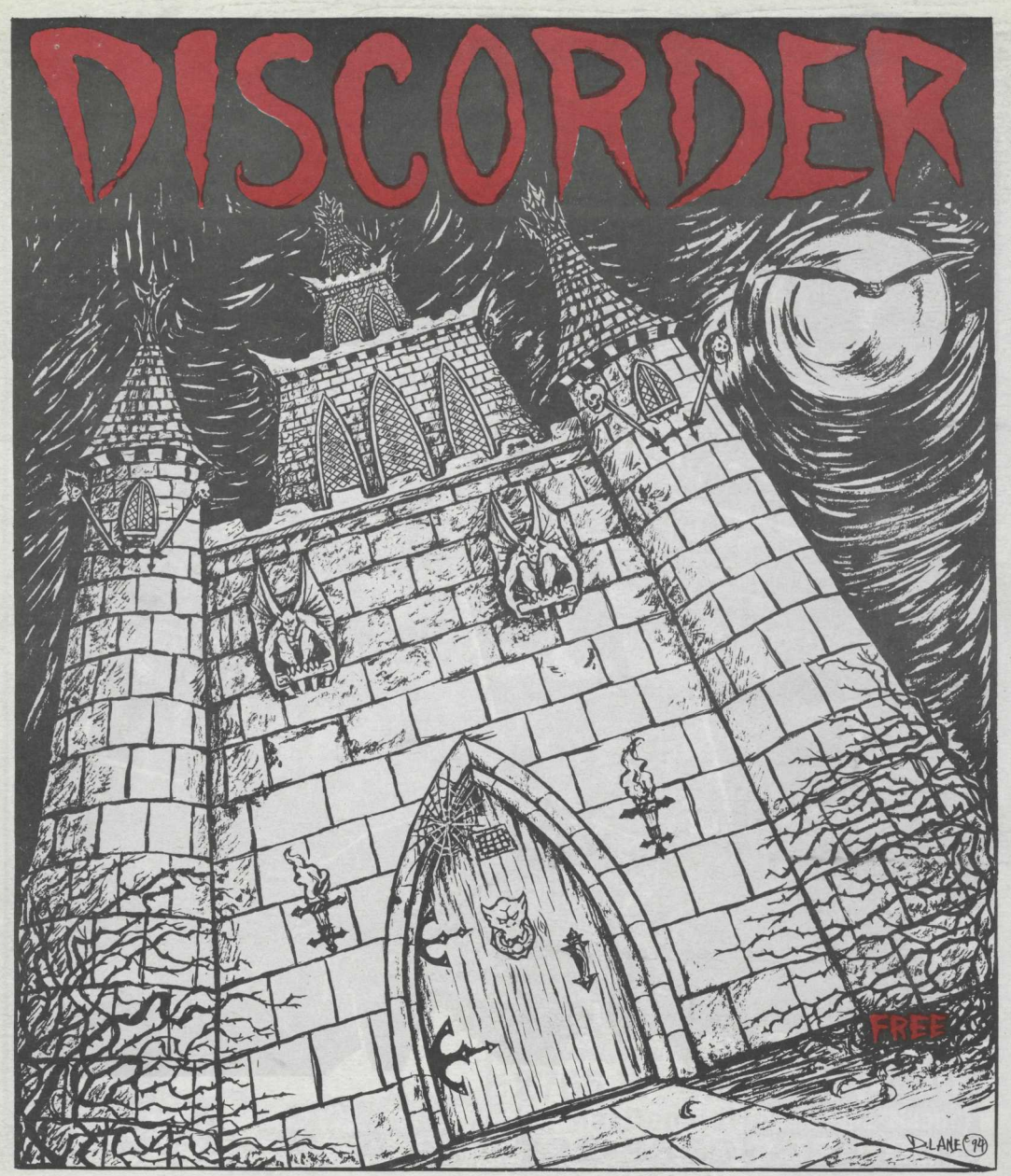
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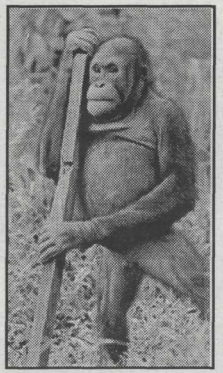

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DIS-COVER

ALMOST AS SCARY AS A BAND OF HYENAS, THIS MONTH'S COVER WAS DESIGNED BY GOTHIC ART MASTER, DAVID LAINE. ARE YOU READY FOR THE DEMONS THAT CALL FOR YOU IN THE NIGHT?

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EDITOR
DYLAN GRIFFITH

ART DIRECTOR
MARK PILON

COLUMNS EDITOR
TANIA ALEKSON

ADVERTISING REP
KEVIN PENDERGRAFT

GRAPHIC DESIGN/LAYOUT
MARK PILON, TANIA ALEKSON, IAN PATERSON

WORD PROCESSING
BRYON JOHNSTON, BENNEDICK T. KOH

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
BRYON JOHNSTON

PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS
IAN PATERSON, WAH KEE TING

PROGRAM GUIDE
MIKO HOFFMAN

CHARTS
MEGAN MALLETT

DATEBOOK
SEAN RAGGETT, FERN WEBB

LOCAL DISTRIBUTION
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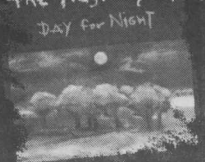
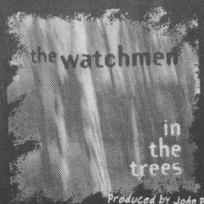


We'll let their track record speak for itself— Featuring "GRACE, TOO", "GREASY JUNGLE" and "NAUTICAL DISASTER".

Halifax-based Sloan deliver hard pop staples on their newest effort, featuring "PEOPLE OF THE SKY", "GOAX ME" and "PENPALS".

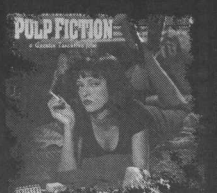


The Watchmen deliver a hard-driving sophomore release, finely tuned from literally hundreds of live performances. Featuring "BONEYARD TREE", "WISER", and "ALL UNCOVERED".

Produced by John Punter (Roxy Music, Japan), Sweet Exhaust is the follow-up to Sarah's much-accoladed self-titled debut. Featuring the first single "THANK YOU (very much)".

Weezer play an infectious brand of guitar pop and after a couple of listens these songs are in your head to stay. Featuring "UNDONE- THE SWEATER SONG", "BUDDY HOLLY" and "MY NAME IS JONAS".

The much anticipated and appropriately -titled second album from Ottawa's FurnaceFace is chock-full of the band's inimitable mix of power pop, metal and punk. Includes "IF YOU LOVE HER (would you buy her a gun?)", "THE BALLAD OF RICHARD IOMMI", "LIVE & DIE".



The coolest soundtrack from the brilliant new Quentin Tarantino film, featuring Urge Overkill, Al Green, Maria McKee, and Dusty Springfield.

Local Vancouverites Front Line Assembly build on their trademark mix of electronic beats and samples by incorporating rock elements including rap and live guitars. Featuring "VIGILANTE" and "SER OFFENDER".

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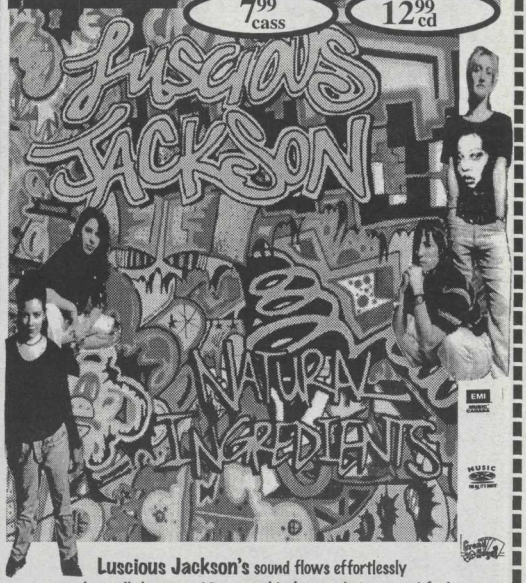

Luscious Jackson's sound flows effortlessly over the wall that stand between hip-hop, rock, jazz, and funk. The debut album from the band that was the highlight of Lollapalooza's second stage.

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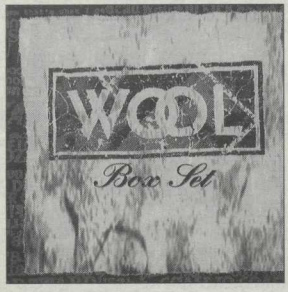

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Editor,

To all those mental lightweights like Les Vegas who gripe and whine about no Cdn. content at 94 L.palooza....Hello!? Where are you living? Ever heard of Coca Cola or Chevrolet? Like music d'ya? Hello!? There's a place called America and that's where this culture comes from. Anything else is derivative. If it's good enough music they'll book it. Also, what were you expecting from a field in Cloveredale? Lincoln Center?! Wake up people.

A. Mac

No, you wake up you ignorant, pablum sucking half-wit: 1) I live in Canada; 2) Coca Cola and Chevrolet are corporations which produce commodities, not culture (though it is often difficult to tell the difference, especially with such marketing coups as Lollapalooza); 3) no shit I like music; 4) at the risk of repeating myself, American "culture" has often been and often continues to be an oxymoron - no other society in history has so effectively blurred the distiction between culture and commodity, between artistic merit and commercial success. For proof of the success of this fusion we need look no further than your own letter, which accepts whole-heartedly the notion that what is most aggressively marketed by corporate America and most eagerly lapped up by low-stimulus response organisms like yourself is necessarily the best - CRAP! It's no wonder there were are no Canadian bands at Lollapalooza when apathetic toads like yourself dismiss local music outright as a inferior by definition. The simple fact is that you've been sucking at the teat of American corporate "culture" for so long that you've lost the ability to discriminate between what constitutes talent and what does not. Do you think the Stone Temple Pilots are cool? Got the latest Bon Jovi album? Just where do you get off slagging Canadian music when your knowledge of it is undoubtedly limited to those few acts whose music is bland and generic enough to appeal to American audiences? Have you even heard of any Canadian acts other than the Crash Test Dummies, Celine Dion, and/or Bryan Adams?!?

Finally, if 'anything else is derivative' then what the hell are you doing reading DiSCORDER*? By your definition almost every band we feature (ie. Canadian or idependent) is derivative. So, in closing, fuck off and go read* Spin.

Dear Folks,

Thanks for the glowing review in the Aug. ish of *Discorder*. My readership has increased by two so I've increased my print run by 100. You people make good things happen. Bye.

Glenn

(Roaring Fork Digest)

Anything we can do to help...

Hello Airhead,

After a short prison stay, I, like Svend, have emerged again; but unlike a certain M.P. I got tattoes with walkman motors n' guitar strings of Molly Hatchet album covers. I'm fine but while in jail I listened to a lot of the Mamas n' Papas and later tried to kill myself by swallowing large chunks of a chicken salad sandwich. I think it was the hidden messages in the music. Well, gotta go, got some sausages to twist into cute animals for the kids.

Big Kisses,

Excubus Manslaughter

Yep, that parole program sure does need some fixin'.

Remember, all love-letters and other epistles to AIRHEAD get sent to:

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Katherine Kerr

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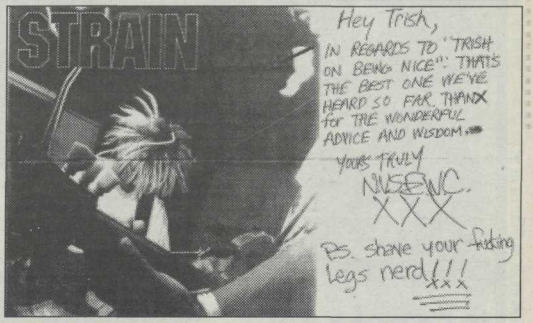
and this idiot tried to force me to
have a nice day against my will
nasty peristaltic gurgle of liquid monkey shit
papaya and banana gave monkey diarrhea
now all my knitting needles smell like bleach

Wes Wartley



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Oh God, not another contest!

What does Veruca Salt have to do with super-intelligent monkeys? I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you. Suffice to say they're opening for Hole on November 15th at the Starfish Room and we have five copies of their album, *American Thighs*, to give away. All you have to do to WIN is name your favourite type of Simian (that's monkey) on the back of a postcard and send it (with your name and address) to:

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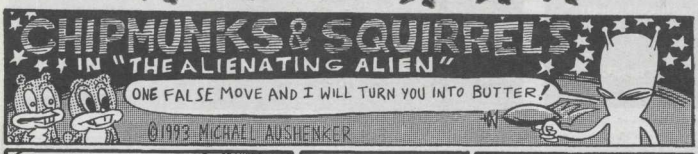

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cowshead chronicles

i gotta go. he said it and meant it. every word. she had called him earlier that day and had asked that he come over. she said he probably knew why and although he questioned her reasons he knew it was over. at least for now. and now, after the longest twenty minutes of his life, he got up and said that he was tired and that he had to go. home. wherever. out for a bagel. it didn't really matter. before he left he pulled his keys to her apartment off his key chain and she thanked him for them. not taking them in her hand but motioning to him to just place them on the table where some t-shirts and socks of his were sitting as well. t-shirts he had left at her house for when he slept over and had to be somewhere *in the morning* and wouldn't have time to go home and change. the same t-shirts that he would find her wearing when he would run into her on the street. the same shirts that for days after would still smell like her. jesus. it was over. single again. taking the clothes home definitely meant that. "all he could think of now was when he had run into her on the street a day or two before christmas and the hat she was wearing and what she had said and how she had looked and what she meant to him at that moment...man i gotta go. over the past year and half they had broken up and made up five maybe six times. this somehow felt like it. i gotta go. i really gotta go. his picture still hung on the wall but he knew that it would soon be coming down as would the picture of her on his computer at home, as soon as he got there. whenever he got there. go figure. just when you think you've finally got it right. women. he loves them. can't get enough of them. but he really doesn't want them all. just one. i gotta go. he say's it again. she hears it. again. the door closes behind him and he pushes the button to call up the elevator. inside he thinks he feels the cables slipping away, and as he reaches the bottom and the doors open he's almost disappointed that he made it. no more nights by the window. no more sirens down her block. no more nights awake watching her sleep. no more 'i gotta go's.'

gth

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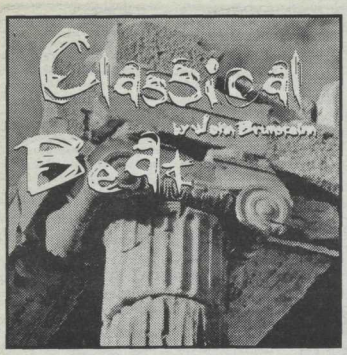


This month's foray into the local classical music world, to be totally honest, isn't. Despite the number of concerts presented over the course of the last month or so, it was not possible to attend any of the ones I would have usually chosen. With a copy deadline looming on the calendar in front of me, I decided to try expanding my musical horizons a bit by attending something a little out of Classical Beat's usual field. The Vancouver Symphony Orchestra has for many years maintained an active schedule of 'Pops' performances, a sort of a catch-all for modern musical works. They're usually short and written for performance by instrumental ensemble. This covers things like movie scores, theme songs, and the like; there's nothing deep or heavy. Unfortunately, it has the general connotation of being upscale elevator music, something to be definitely avoided. None the less, I put my hypercritical opinions aside for the evening and attended the opening concert of this season's VSO Pops series on October 14th.

Freeing myself from preconceptions about the performance was relatively easy because the particular performance I attended was not really in its usual genre. Going under the title of "Big Band Memories", this particular concert was advertised as being a performance of jazz favourites from the big-band era. I can't claim to know very much about this sort of music other than the names of some of the bands and band leaders, but I have heard some of this music and generally liked it. I even went so far as to convince a friend to accompany me to the performance by promising that there would be a rendition of "Sing Sing Sing" which would make the famous Carnegie Hall recording pale by comparison. (I'm not really sure if that *is* in fact the really well known recording of "Sing Sing Sing," but it seemed like a good guess and convinced the friend who didn't know any better.) Thus, it was with high expectations that I entered the hall.

The first surprise of the evening was the lack of a real program for the performance; it was billed rather cryptically as "Music from the bands of Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Artie Shaw and more." On the upside, I at least recognized all of the names, so I didn't feel that I was entering totally foreign territory. As the concert's start neared I was somewhat surprised (and intrigued) to see that almost no empty seats in the hall; it would appear that there may be an unfulfilled gap in local music where some enterprising jazz musicians could make a home. While I was staring about, musing, a flash of light caught my eye. Looking up, I discovered that the VSO was not above being corny in an effort to suit the occasion: a mirror ball was suspended from the central arch over the stage, complete with motor to get the requisite spinning light pattern. (Before you start laughing, remember that they didn't have nifty fog generators, lasers, black-light strobes, colour organs, and all the other necessities of today's dance clubs back in the old days...and they had to walk uphill barefoot through snow both ways to the dance.)

As a prelude to the concert a member of the VSO administrative staff came on stage to give a season opening address. Unfortunately, this was done on the same corny theme as the mirror ball but lacking its inherent charm. The 1930's slang sounded hopelessly forced (possibly because the person speaking was too young to have actually heard any of the expressions *himself*) and would have been much better left out entirely.

This bit of pandering was immediately forgotten a few moments later as the house lights went down and the disco ball began spinning away. The VSO's principle Pops conductor, Newton Wayland, strode on stage and immediately struck the band up, starting with a 'chart' that even I recognized: "Moonlight Serenade." A change in stage lighting colour and a wave of applause brought the piece to a finish, to be followed immediately by another work, this time unknown to me.

A second round of applause brought this piece to its conclusion, and Wayland turned around to address the audience. In a change from the usual musical production (and explaining the lack of program), he asked the audience to name the works and the band that first performed them. The audience was quick to reply; "String of Pearls" was the name of the second work and Glen Miller's band was the first to do both works. With a smile and a warning that some of the following pieces would be more obscure, Mr. Wayland turned back to the orchestra and launched into the next piece.

So the concert went on, with a pause after almost every work: "Night Train", "Night in Tunisia," "Stella by Starlight," "Seventy-six Trombones," and "Duke's Place" were just a few. There was also an interesting composite medley of a number of nonsense songs, featuring the versatile Mr. Wayland singing and playing the piano. (I don't know the names of any of those particular works but I have heard a relative of mine, who shall remain nameless, sing all of them.) A few of the audience knew their stuff, and were able to name not only pieces and the bands that performed them, but in many cases the songwriter as well. In a engaging and entertaining manner conductor Wayland filled in interesting bits of information about the works' background, the bands, and the big-band scene as a whole. Performing as the pianist for some of the numbers, he led the orchestra through a flawless string of pieces marked by some spectacular solos. All of the musicians performed well, which is quite a compliment to their performance skills considering the extreme difference in playing styles between jazz and classical music. Larry Knop (on trumpet) was a stand-out especially in the mute-trumpet bits; the entire percussion section on Dizzy Gilespie's "Night in Tunisia" was outstanding and gave the work a complex, driving African texture. Gordon Cherry was amazing, producing some of the raunchiest sounds I have ever heard produced on the trombone.

The concert traversed a wide range of big-band styles; the selection included works from the very beginnings of the jazz era right up to the relatively modern (and overwhelmingly schmaltzy) "Moon River." One work, in particular, deserves mention for its innovative approach to the evolution of jazz. A version of the classic St. Louis Blues was transcribed and orchestrated by a faculty member at U.C. (Berkeley) to go through the entire range of jazz styles. It was performed in a way that was both effective and pleasing to hear (which is not always an easy combination with ideas of this ilk). While this concert was not the sort of thing the snobbishly highbrow go to, it was incredibly entertaining and I'm delighted to have heard it (even if they didn't do "Sing Sing Sing" and thus unwittingly facilitated the need for rather a lot of excuse making on my part after the show). The only down side was that these works felt kind of out of place in a concert hall; the performance might have been even more effective in a real dance hall with aficionados free to get up and dance to their favourites. Merely sitting in a seat and clapping seemed hardly fitting applause for works of this sort.

Special acclaim should go to the conductor, not only for his conducting but also for his rapport with the audience. Making the audience name the works was a particularly good idea that encouraged audience involvement and gave a relaxed, enjoyable atmosphere to the evening. If this concert was representative of a normal VSO Pops performance, then I would recommend them wholeheartedly for a good night of entertainment.

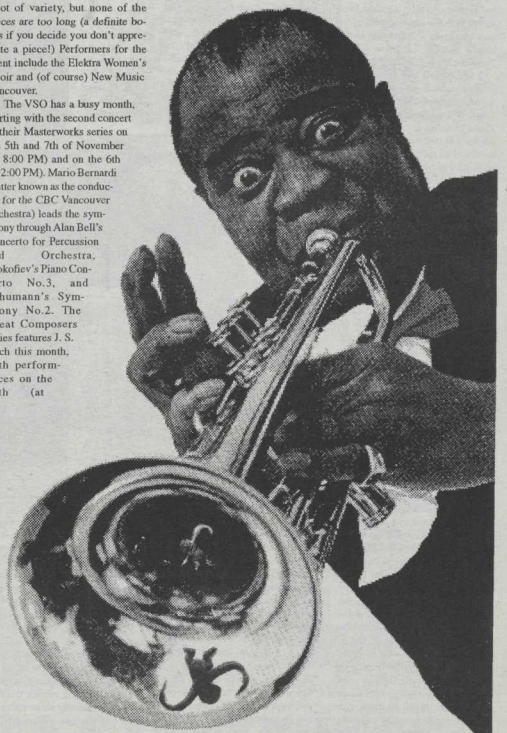
The up coming month's selection of musical events is now upon us. The Vancouver New Music Society is presenting what sounds likely to be an interesting mosaic of works at the Canadian Music Center 35th Anniversary Celebration, to be held on November 27th, 8:00 PM at the Vancouver Playhouse. Put on, as the title suggests, to honour the continuing support of the Canadian Music Center, the program boasts twenty short works specially composed for the event by Canadian composers. If you're interested in new music but not sure whether you like the style or not, this might be a particularly good concert to attend; there will be a lot of variety, but none of the pieces are too long (a definite bonus if you decide you don't appreciate a piece!) Performers for the event include the Elektra Women's Choir and (of course) New Music Vancouver.

The VSO has a busy month, starting with the second concert of their Masterworks series on the 5th and 7th of November (at 8:00 PM) and on the 6th (at 2:00 PM). Mario Bernardi (better known as the conductor for the CBC Vancouver Orchestra) leads the symphony through Alan Bell's Concerto for Percussion and Orchestra, Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No.3, and Schumann's Symphony No.2. The Great Composers series features J. S. Bach this month, with performances on the 25th (at Massey Hall in New West, 8:00 PM) and again on the 26th and 28th of the famous Brandenburg Concerto No.1 (a lovely work, but I for one would rather they were doing No.4), the Violin Concerto No.2, the Tocatta and Fugue in D minor (as arranged by Leopold Stokowski), and (with Susan Patterson, soprano), the Cantata No.51 'Jauchzett Gott in Allen Landen'. The 'Pops' series continues with a performance by the orchestra with singer Rita Coolidge on the 11th and 12th, under conductor Clyde Mitchell. In the Tea and Trumpets series (couldn't they have come up with a less corny name?) CBC radio personality Otto Lowy hosts 'A Highland Romance' on the 9th, featuring Highland dancing and a bagpiper. (Before you get the wrong idea, it's a highland dancer on the stage...the audience doesn't get to take an active part in this!) With the exception of the performance noted above all performances are at the Orpheum theatre.

Masterpiece Chamber Music, continues its 20th season with a program entitled 'Dream With Us' on the 13th. Wesley Foster (clarinet), Andrew Pearce (cello), and artistic director Terence Dawson (piano) perform Debussy's Sonata for Cello and Piano, Schumann's Fantasiestucke, Brahm's Trio, Op.114, and Rachmaninoff's Vocalise. Both afternoon (2:30 PM) and evening (8:00 PM) performances will be given at the Vancouver East Cultural Center.

Early Music Vancouver's second performance of the season will be on the 12th with Music Iberica, a collection of Spanish instrumental music from the 17th century as performed by three Seattle musicians: Ingrid Matthews (violin), Byron Schenkman (harpsichord), and Margriet Tindemans (viola da gamba). The performance will be held at 8:00 PM (with a pre-concert introduction at 7:15) at the Knox United Church, 41st and Balaclava. In addition, a special event concert is being presented on the 29th, 8:00 PM at the Orpheum with a presentation of the Tallis Scholars, a well-known vocal ensemble from England. In this 'Christmas concert' they will perform Tallis' Missa Osculetur me as well as works by Lassus, Palestrina, Fayrfax, Victoria, Marenzio, and Sweelinck.

That's it for this month, good listening until next time!



BY TANIA BOLSKAYA

Another year, another film fest, another two weeks of restless sleep and cinematic nightmares, another pop-corn addiction to overcome. Actually, my digestive tract faced a new enemy in the 1994 festival season: the corn nut. Through a special German treatment whereby salt is injected directly into my veins, I'm down to just a few per day now and since I accepted Harrison Ford as my personal saviour, the twelve step program is working like a charm. The Good Indiana willing, I'm gonna beat this thing.

My darkest hours were made ever so much more fluorescent by the excellent programming at this year's festival. Like any event that shows 250 films in 17 days, the Vancouver International Film Festival is subject to the personal selection of movies chosen to be viewed by any one critic. If I had inadvertently gone to see twenty-nine ho-hummers, films that may have gotten the programmers excited but left me yawning in the aisles, I would now be grumpily ranting about those taste-deficient cretinous highbrows that couldn't tell a decent flick from a buttery substitue.

Happily, the opposite case is true. Thus seemed to be a year of trends, only one of which was entertaining filmmaking. By "trends" I don't mean that all the actors wore legwarmers or that each plot involved the ceremonial attachment of the "Baby on Board" sign. Hard-hitting documentaries; great family dramedies; silly, dialogue-driven, caustic comedies; stylish urban stories; and boringly pretentious projects were in evidence throughout my two and a half weeks of festival participation.

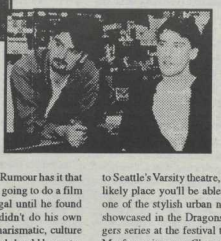
To make a moving documentary is no doubt the end goal of any non-fiction filmmaker who tackles a serious subject. Few do it so well as the makers of *Moving the Mountain* and *I Am a Promise: the Children of Stanton Elementary*. The latter, a project by Susan (director, producer) and Alan (Cinematographer, editor, producer) Raymond that looks at a year in the life of an inner city (Philadelphia) school, flat out made me 1) cry, 2) want to devote my unskilled talents to helping underprivileged North American children and 3) want to move to Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, Australia or Antarctica. The only beef that I had with this tale of 'little boyz 'n the hood' was the lack of time spent with the girls. The lives of five or six boys were brought sharply into focus but only one girl, an honour student, was discussed in detail. This, however, did not stop the film from winning an Academy award or my absolute recommendation.

Similarly, Michael Apted's film about the Tiananmen Square massacre, *Moving the Mountain*, won both a prize, the Vancouver Festival's Best Documentary trophy, and my undiluted praise. Described in the voices of five of the student leaders who ultimately escaped China, the 1989 event becomes almost too vivid. Apted's deft hand weaves into this horrifyingly admirable tale expertly edited footage of the preceding student demonstrations and the massacre itself as well as dreamlike shots of the China that these very young and unwitting revolutionaries grew up in. Sure to be shown on PBS, CBC, or in a theatrical release at one of the art houses in town, *Moving the Mountain* is one of the most informative bits of celluloid I've seen in years. It shouldn't be missed by anyone who cares about modern China, who cares about the experience of other peoples on this planet, or who has the slightest interest in history.

Getting through the serious bits to dive into the fun stuff, I'll turn next to that genre that Americans love but can't seem to do right: the family dramedy. *Parenthood*, *Sixteen Candles*, *The Cosby Show*, and *The Wonder Years* (after the third season) are all reasons that the US licence to make funny, poignant, and truthful comedy-dramas should be revoked. Maybe some bright and enterprising American producer will take a gander the British-made *Family* and *The Buddha of Suburbia* and get some ideas. Both are the work of acclaimed authors, the former is by Booker Prize winner Roddy Doyle and the latter by the scribe of *My Beautiful Launderette* and *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*, Hanif Kureishi; both are (not so) shockingly well-written and both were made-for-television mini-series. *Family* was alternately lauded and reviled when it made its debut in May, 1994. It certainly pulls no punches in its unflinching look at the Irish lower class. Told in four parts, each through the eyes of a different member of the Spencer clan, alcoholism, juvenile delinquency, incest, adultery, and poverty are all touched on with disturbing realism. Not as dark and gloomy when viewed as when described on paper, *Family* draws its strength from the clear, yet complex, definition of its characters and the enormous talent the lead actors bring to these characters.

Though lighter in tone than *Family*, *The Buddha of Suburbia* is no less truthful in its tale. Young Karim (his friends call him Creamy) is from Bromley, a distant suburb of London. He has a white, conservative mother and an Indian father who has begun to teach Buddhist philosophy to the other middle-aged couples in the neighbourhood. Most importantly, it's 1970. The four hours of *Buddha* span the next ten years of Creamy's life as he struggles to get laid, become an actor, and define himself as an Indian, as an Englishman, and as a human being. A great ensemble cast flesh out his family, friends, and fellow actors as they engage in sparkling dialogue, and occasionally group sex, that breathe life into the period setting. Naveen Andrews meets and conquers the challenge of the centre role with a matchless elan. The proof of *The Buddha of Suburbia's* worth is in my ass. If I can spend four hours at the Ridge theatre and not notice my numb bum, the picture must have been ecstatically entertaining.

Ecstatically entertaining films are a rare commodity on the market these days. In terms of Hollywood, only one 1994 film springs to mind: *Pulp Fiction*. If the town of tinsel could match the efforts of their Hong Kong compatriots, perhaps their product wouldn't always seem so tired. The latest example of HK action divinity is *Drunken Master II*. Starring Jackie Chan and some the best stunts I've EVER seen on screen, *DMII* is not really a sequel but a big-budget all-star showcase for Chan's own personal martial arts creation: drunken boxing. The story, not exceedingly important, revolves around the mischievous son (Chan) of a doctor, his Mah-Jong addicted step-mom, a ruthless British consul who wants to steal priceless treasures from China, and the consul's gang of henchmen. As usual in this type of film, the story exists mainly to facilitate as many fight scenes as possible. Yee haw! There are actually some really funny bits, especially when the step-mom, played by Anita Mui, is around, but my unadulterated awe is reserved for the sheer athleticism and prowess of the actors, all of whom did their own stunts. Rumour has it that Jackie Chan was going to do a film with Steven Seagal until he found out that Seagal didn't do his own stunts - that uncharismatic, culture thieving tub of lard should be grateful that he never had to endure the agony of being shown up and beat up on-screen by a true master, Jackie Chan.



Mastery was no where near the set of *Clerks* but that didn't stop film school drop-out Kevin Smith from making his first movie a truly hilarious endeavour. Shooting in black and white with a miniscule budget, Smith had enough savvy to know his limitations as a director and his strengths as a writer. The result is fast paced, honest sounding, and god-damned funny. Anyone who has ever worked in a service oriented, no-mind, minimum wageca job will appreciate *Clerks'* dialogue and it sentiment. The film won the first-film directors' prize at Cannes and as a result has a nifty distribution deal that will bring it to a theatre near you shortly. If you're reading *DiSCORDER*, and I know you are, you have a punk rock obligation to go to this film.

Still in the wickedly uproarious vein, but slightly more disturbing, is Australia's *Bad Boy Bubby*. Relying on the bizarre situations of a picaresque journey, most of which result from the fact that the thirty-five year old mentally-challenged title character has been kept in a room all his life by an abusive mother who used him to alleviate her sexual frustrations. Rolf de Heer's writing and direction turn what could be a horrifyingly exploitative voyage into a funny and poignant odyssey. *Bad Boy Bubby* made me laugh at a dead cat. Repeatedly.

There are no dead cats in the other Australian comedy I was lucky enough to grab a seat for but there were plenty of laughs and an ABBA soundtrack to make up for the omission. *Muriel's Wedding* played like a more caustic, and therefore funnier, *Strictly Ballroom*. The story of an ugly duckling who thinks that a dream wedding is the magic potion that will turn her into swan, there are no surprising or deep messages hidden in the film, just a lot of good-natured, and mean-spirited when the scene warrents it, fun. *Muriel's Wedding* is the type of film that generally gets a distribution deal and the fact that P.J. Hogan won the prize for the Director's fortnight at Cannes won't hurt its chances. It's a great flick to bond with mom at, if she doesn't mind hearing a "intuitive" or two. On second thought, ditch mom and scoot down to Seattle's Varsity theatre, the most likely place you'll be able to catch one of the stylish urban noir films showcased in the Dragons and Tigers series at the festival this year. My favourite was *Chungking Express*, the slap dash, contractual obligation effort by Wong Kar-Wai. Chronicling portions of the lives of the completely unrelated officers 631 and 632, *Chungking Express* is awash with hip dialogue, rainy urban landscapes, and quirky characters. The strangest thing about the film is that Wong, it's writer and director, admittedly put no time into the project and completed the picture in three months. His Magnum Opus, *Ashes of Time*, also screened at the festival, took two years, undoubtedly cost at least ten times the budget, and sucked. A lesson to all budding filmmakers, I think.

Some other movies that should be included in any seminar on "Avoiding Pretentions and Navel Gazing" at film school are *Second Cousin, Once Removed*, *Dear Diary*, and *Super 81/2*. By John Shorney, Nanni Moretti, and Bruce laBruce respectively, each film suffers from a writer/director who thinks that he is a lot more interesting than he actually is.

Second Cousin, Once Removed is an attempt at a noirish thriller that simply lacks talent. The dialogue was flat and uninteresting, the wacky characters were played by over-the-top amateur actors, and the central mystery was boring. The film won the dubious honour of being the only film fest entry that I walked out on but unless the last 2/3 of *Second Cousin, Once Removed* were astronomically better than the first, I was justified.

The latter two films, *Dear Diary* and *Super 81/2* were admittedly not as bad. They were, however, big disappointments. *Dear Diary* was split into three segments which were 1) quite funny, 2) okay, and 3) horribly boring. The first portion lured me into a false sense of enjoyment which was unfortunately dispelled by the ones that followed. The final segment, which detailed the filmmaker's battle with a strange itch, the doctors he consulted in hope of relief, and the medicines the MD's prescribed for his cure, dragged so painfully that a strange itch would have been a welcome change.

The only Canadian film on my agenda was the biggest let down of all. Considering all the previous hype *Super 81/2* received and the fact that a personal battle with censorship was being waged within the film, I really wanted to like this movie. I couldn't. A "mockumentary" about an avant-guard filmmaker documenting the fallen life of a former porn-star who was himself a self-styled auteur, *Super 81/2* does indeed contain all the explicit scenes of gay sex that get Bruce laBruce's films burned at the border by customs officials. It doesn't, however, contain much interesting dialogue or a well-written story. I guess when forced to make a decision between quality filmmaking and lots of head, he followed his heart.

It's impossible in one little *DiSCORDER* column to detail everything I was able to take in. However, I must take some precious space to thank the festival coordinators not only for the pass that allowed me to get all this information out to our loyal readers (and those who use the magazine for other things) but for the unlimited access we had to speak directly to the filmmakers about their work. Not everybody in this town treats *DiSCORDER* like the high-profile publication that it is, but when they do, we sure appreciate it.

Having survived the bus ride, the border guards, and the streets of Seattle, we found our way to the Rkcndy and the sound of Wool finishing up their sound check. Pete and Franz Stahl, Chris Bratton, and Al Bloch were recently in Seattle to play a couple of benefits to raise money for public service announcements against hand gun violence, as well as to play any other shows that they could scam. A five kegger down in Auburn was possibly on the agenda, and, as Al puts it, "It's hard to turn down a five-kegger anytime!"

***DiSCORDER*: What have you been doing since you completed your new album, *Boxset* (on London records)?**

Pete: Hanging out in Wool world. A fuzzy land down in North Hollywood, just like in the L7 song.

Are you touring in support of the new album? *(At the time of this interview the Wool/L7/Melvins tour was unannounced.)*

Pete: Yeah, we're trying to get on a tour with a big band. We'd like to play in front of a lot of people.

Metallica?!

Pete: No, Metallica would be a bit too big. Something a little cozier. Smaller stadiums, you know.

Franz: The Tom Jones tour. We want to support Tom Jones!

Pete: Yeah, we want to play with Stompin' Tom.

Stompin' Tom Connors? Isn't he Canadian?!

Franz: Yah, Stompin' Tom Jones!!!

So, tell us a bit about the new album, *Boxset*.

Al: It's good.

Pete: It sucks.

Al: Pete and I differ on it. He thinks it sucks and I think it's pretty good.

Pete: It's too punk rock.

What kind of a direction has it taken from *Budspawn*?

Al: More of a left turn.

Pete: Prog rock.

When and where did you record it?

Pete: We recorded over the winter at Philos Ranch up in Mendocino, California.

Who did you work with?

Pete: Tom Rothrock and Rob Schnapf. They're friends of ours from Bongload Productions. Sergent Philo at Philos Ranch.

Why did you call the album *Boxset*?

Al: It encompasses our many years together as a band. We wanted something that would be a sort of retrospective and cover all the different directions our music took over all the long years.

Franz: I mean, Wool as an entity has only been around for a few years...

Pete: Chronicalling thirty-three years of misspent youth.

Franz: Yeah, but musically we've been around since the '30's.

How long did it take to record the album?

Pete: Well, we actually just went through a lot of old tapes - that took a long time. From that we just pulled the good songs and put together our *Boxset*!

Al: Some of our rare B-sides!!!

Pete: Yeah, our live performances from the sixties!

Did you perform at the original Woodstock?

Franz: No, we were recording during Woodstock. We'd flown to upstate New York to these cold storages where there were some of our 'lost' tapes.

Pete: I thought the first Woodstock was really exploiting our scene anyway, so I didn't really want any part of it.

Al: Plus we were sort of in the middle of finding a new direction and a new drummer.

Chris Bratton replaced Wool's first drummer Peter Moffett (ex of Government Issue) - what bands was he playing with prior to joining Wool? *(Note: Due to not having his ID card on him, Chris was absent for the majority of this interview.)*

Franz: Chris was in a bunch of hardcore bands; Drive Like Jehu, Justice League, Statue...

Are any of you involved in projects other than Wool?

Al: I put out a 7-inch single with my brother and a drummer. The band was called My Favourite Martian and it's on Bongload Records. Three songs - three BIG songs!!!

And on the topic of projects, there's apparently some Vancouver circus blood in the Stahl family that you're trying to track down?

Pete: Yeah! We have to come up there (to Vancouver) and do some research. Apparently my grandfather's brother moved to Vancouver in the 1920's and started a circus there. I don't know the name or anything else about it, but we're going to go on a pilgrimage to find out! So if there's any readers out there that can help us out with this, give us a call!

On the Wool hotline number?

Pete: Yeah, 1-800-FLY-ME! No, it's (818)-503-2300! Call us and leave some prank phone calls!

(At this point Chris rejoins the table, having somehow wrangled his ID-less self back into the bar)

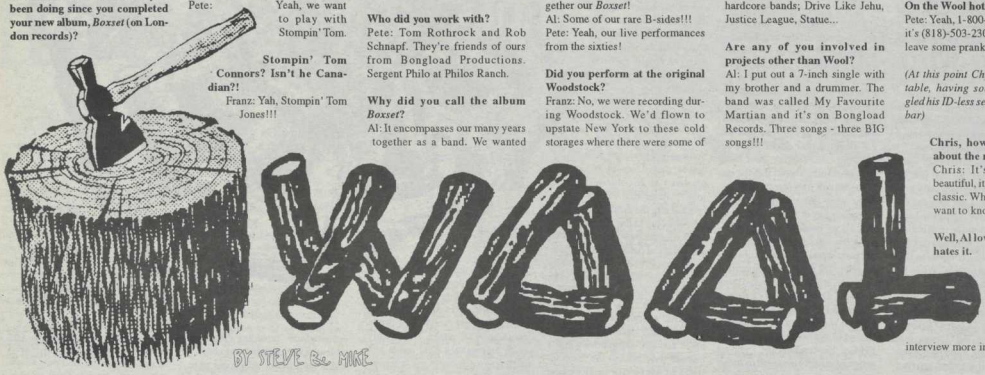
Chris, how do you feel about the new album?

Chris: It's lovely, it's beautiful, it's a rock & roll classic. What else do you want to know?!

Well, Al loves it and Pete hates it.

Chris: You hate the new album?

Pete: I was just trying to make the interview more interesting.



AVAILABLE IN STORES EVERYWHERE

Boozin' & Shmoozin'

Grant Lawrence tackles the CMJ Music Marathon

So get this: In late September I got to go out to New York City for the College Music Journal Music Marathon (herein referred to as CMJ)! A whop-ding-hop-sing affair, CMJ brings together bands from all over the world for one weekend to showcase their talent for thousands of radio, press, and record people who have also made the trek to New York City. Me, I was representing *DiSCORDER*, amongst other things, and here's my report:

Wednesday, September 21: After flying into JFK airport I made the long cab ride to my bed for the next few nights at the bizarre and infamous Chelsea Hotel *in midtown* Manhattan. The Chelsea is the very notorious dump where Sid Vicious O.D.'d, Andy Warhol painted the soup can, Arthur Miller wrote *Death of a Salesman*, and that other guy wrote *2001: A Space Odyssey*. [And Janis Joplin gave Canada's own Leonard Cohen head on an unmade bed! -ed.] It was a pretty incredible place. So anyways, I basically took it easy that first night to get over my jet-lag/on-flight drunkenness.

Thursday, September 22: CMJ registration wasn't till 5:00 pm, so my travelling companions and I split up to explore the City with the intention of meeting up again later. But when I arrived for registration at the New York Hilton right on time at five my travelling companion Bill was no where to be seen. When he finally did arrive half an hour late he immediately allayed my frustration by producing two tickets for *Late Night with Conan O'Brien*!!! Turns out some NBC page just handed him the tix when he walked past NBC! So off we went, arriving just in time to slither into Conan's studio for the beginning of his rompous late night variety show. And man, did we really luck out! Mary Tyler Moore was on the show talking about her exercise tapes!!! So was Chris Farley from Saturday Night Live!!! So was the king of the Surf Guitar Dick Dale!!! WHAT A GREAT SHOW!!!

After several requested pinches from Bill to make sure I wasn't dreaming, we headed back to the Chelsea to get ready for our first night of CMJ rock! First up on the programme was the Cargo Records Showcase at Brownie's down on Avenue A in Greenwich Village. Opening the show was Indiana's The Smears, an all-female band I had been longing to see; alas, their offensive punk/metal did very little for me. (The free beer and pizza courtesy of Cargo made things a little more bearable, mind you.)

Next up was the rock-steady Uncle Joe's Big Ole Driver, a good-time raunch and roll band from San Diego. They were pretty damn rockin' when they played their songs, but that was the problem: It took them forever to actually play a song! Between every tune it seemed like we had to sit through eons of guitar noodling and goofing off! Oh well, that seemed to be their forte - and there was still that pizza.

Upon Bill's request we left for CBGB's to check out Veruca Salt, who were apparently the grand poop of the whole ding-split-phooey. There was already a line-up around the block when we arrived at the club and we had no chance of getting in, so, in a shake, we headed up to St. Mark's Place to the Continental Divide to catch another all-girl punk combo called Sex Pod. Bill dug 'em, I didn't, so I hung around outside where I met the star of the hit cult film *Dazed and Confused*, a sir Wiley Wiggins! Turns out he's a fan of the same stuff as moi, so we headed inside the Continental to catch the next band which we both wanted to see. From Los Angeles, The Creamers bombarded the stage with their no-rules punk rock roar. They played an extremely raucous set and sent me home to the Chelsea with many a tune slamming around in my booze-soaked brain.

Friday, September 23: I got up early and actually managed to attend some seminars, including one on touring (heard some great stories from Pitchblende, Tsunami and the Butthole Surfers) and another on major labels ("To Sign Or Not To Sign." The end result? SIGN!).

After the seminars I wandered over to Times Square to see the big Sony Trinitron and Broadway and all the theatres. It was just about twilight so everything was all lit up and looked really spectacular, just like on TV. I also had it in my head to try and see the Letterman show despite being told by everyone that getting tickets to Letterman was harder than getting a handjob from the Pope. Nonetheless, I decided to walk up Broadway to check out his place, the Ed Sullivan Theatre. As I approached said entertainment temple, I veered down the side street cuz I recognized it as the place where they do all the outside filming. As I approached the side of the theatre, lo and behold, one of the stage doors burst open and who should pop out onto the street right in front of me but David Letterman himself!!! No joke!!! I froze as he came running along the side of the building towards me and then snapped out of it and yelled a quick "Hi Dave." He responded with a "Hi, how are ya, good to see ya" and disappeared into another stage door to the roar of his disciples in the studio audience. In total shock, I stood there quivering like a stop sign in a high wind as a massive crowd gathered around me hoping to catch another glance of good ol' Dave. Within ten minutes, who should walk out of the same door but Dave's first guest...Sylvester Stallone!!! He signed autographs, smiled, waved, and I put my hand on his shoulder!!! No joke!!! After that Public Enemy breezed into the theatre high-fiving everyone, but at that time I thought I had seen enough and was feeling a bit faint so I pushed past everyone to the street. I did make one more stop in at the "Rock America" store beside the theatre and met that Moojibar guy!!! He was nice and asked me where I was from.

I finally made it back to the hotel and my companions and I headed over across the Hudson River to Maxwell's in Hoboken, New Jersey to catch my most anticipated show of the conference: The Woggles (Athens, GA), The Cocktails (Chicago), and Southern Culture on the Skids (Raleigh, North Carolina). This show was amazing for a couple of reasons: 1) all three bands were really great; and 2) Maxwell's is the best club in the world. The Woggles played '60's style garage rock 'n' roll with matching bowlers shirts; The Cocktails played an extreme versatility mix of '60's pop and jazz on a vast variety of instruments; and Southern Culture stole the show with their greasy, down-home, countrified boogie-woogie rock 'n' roll. What an incredible band! See them if you can, they're hilariously entertaining.

Saturday, September 24: Once again I was up early and back at the seminar to check out the "Women in Rock" panel. In all honesty I figured this could be fertile ground to maybe pick up a couple of chicks, but in actuality, I ended up enjoying this panel more than any other simply for the fact that it featured people - women - who totally had their shit together. There were representatives from bands and managerial and agency positions, both independent and corporate, and it was stunning how incredibly organized, articulate and assertive they were compared to a lot of men I deal with in this biz.

After a couple more not-so-hot rock panels it was off to the Wetlands to check out one hell of a matinee featuring Rancid, Avail, and The Queers! When I finally found the place there was already a line up of about four-hundred kids around the block, but since I was a 'delegate' with a pass and everything I strode by those NYC punks, nose highly aloft, and waltzed right inside just in time to catch one of my fave pop-punk combos, Boston's Queers. Now featuring a couple members of the just-defunct Screeching Weasel, Joe King and his Queers belted out many a song of ex-teen-angst anthems. Since it was only about 2:00 pm, the band was admittedly a lil' bit withdrawn but were easily forgiven by the rapidly swelling audience.

Up next was Richmond, Virginia's Avail, who were slightly anaemic on this power pop bill; their brand of stagger prog-punk did nothing to arouse my interest. (As a side-note, Avail thought CMJ stood for Country Music Jamboree and couldn't understand why they got invited!) I seemed to be in the minority though, as the club was absolutely packed and most seemed to dig the band. The Wetlands is about the size of the Starfish Room, which is sold out at 300, but it seemed that there is no such thing as a sellout in New York City: I have never been in a room so jammed full as that dank little club that afternoon. There could have been easily 600 people in there, wall to wall. If it weren't for the extremely humid temperature, and mass body sweat providing slippery and disgusting crowd lubrication, I doubt anyone could have moved.

When Rancid finally bounded up on stage and exploded into their hit "Radio Radio Radio" the room went bezerk like I have *never* seen in my entire gig-going life! All at once everyone seemed to just...take flight! Bodies flew everywhere, people stage-dived from any elevated space - including the t-shirt table, the bar, and the coat check - and at least five or six people were constantly on stage singing and pogoing with Rancid. It was an exciting, sweating mass of sheer adrenaline. Rancid played all their insanely catchy hits from both their albums, and the sound was surprisingly superb: much, much better than their show at the SUB Ballroom. After the punk rock 'n' roll mayhem was over, we all squeezed out the front door, blinked surprisingly at the daylight, and I started off to the Mercury Lounge to meet hometown heroes cub.

After a happy reunion with cub during which I heard all about their first couple weeks on tour, I settled in to the cosy Mercury Lounge to see the extreme opposite of what I was just subjected to: Black Velvet Flag, a tongue-in-cheek lounge act who performed punk songs via Mel Torme. Enjoyable. Up next was indie darlin' Mary Lou Lord, most famous for sacking it with Kurt Cobain and getting socked for it by Courtney Love. Turns out Mary Lou's a Boston folk singer transplanted to the pop underground of Olympia, WA. She's a real flavour of the month right now - every major label rep and their grandma was there to check her out. If you can get past all the hype, she's actually a hell of a singer; she certainly had me hypnotized for the duration of her set!

Thankfully everyone hung around for cub's big CMJ performance. They were great, they did us proud. In fact, it was probably the best gig I've ever seen 'em play, and I've seen 'em lots o' times. The crowd loved them too; they played lots of songs from their new album and many a fan-boy hung close to the stage to ogle their every note. And hey, Terry David Mulligan even showed up to see cub! He was in town interviewing Stallone, so I, of course, filled him in that I too had an exclusive rendezvous with Rambo.

After a couple drinks back at the Chelsea Hotel with cub (they got the *Space Odyssey* room), I took off for my last show, back to the Continental to see another favourite of mine, New York City's pride The Devil Dogs!!! It was about 1:00 am when they started and I was back in a packed, sweat-soaked bar, but I still managed to have a 'Big Fuckin' Party' with those rat-bastards the Devil Dogs. They played 'till around 3:00 am (bars in New York close at 5:00 am - start packing) and were 100% phenomenal rock action.

After the encores were finished, the beer ran out, and the dust had settled, I staggered drunkenly back towards the hotel with a big damn grin on my mug. The CMJ Music Marathon was over and I had a wild time. Thank you, New York, you treated me fine!

Sunday, September 25: A couple of friends of ours from Hoboken drove us back out to the airport. The only thing of note was that they smoked many marijuana cigarettes and drove very fast. The plane ride home was quick, drunk, and fun. Until next year, Big Apple!!!

art by Sharon Hwang and Ada Chur

Continuing their sonic assault on the nation, Ottawa's Furnaceface are back with a new album, This Will Make You Happy, and a nationwide tour that brought them to Vancouver for two swingin' nights of rock 'n' roll. Taking a break from the rigors of life on the road, bassist/vocalist Tom Stewart picked up a phone in Thunder Bay and gave Vince Yeh an earful about the music business, weirdness in America, and suggestions that his band has sold out...

furnaceface

by Vince Yeh

DiSCORDER: How's the tour coming along?
Tom: Very good. The first night of our Western stuff was last night here in Thunder Bay - we're playing again tonight and then tomorrow is Winnipeg, and then we keep heading out towards the cherished West coast.

The first time I saw you was at MusicWest Festival.
Was that at the Town Pump?

No, you guys were playing at a rundown apartment on West Hastings...
Oh right, that was our big *industry* showcase.

Do you like playing those music conferences.
Well we never really have that much...We played the MusicWest one that you saw and we played Coca, which is the university entertainment buyers conference in Halifax. I don't know - they're OK, they're not really our kind of thing though. It's not the same as a good bar show because you're playing to people that are looking at you more as an act that they can broker or sell records of. It's not really entertainment - it's more showing what you've got.

So did anything good come out of playing MusicWest?
Oh yeah - at the time we played Music West we were being courted by most of the major labels in Canada, which kind of freaked us out. We didn't know how to react to it. That was all part of the process that we had when we started. Up until that point we'd managed the band ourselves, done all the booking ourselves and done every aspect of the band business, all the financial stuff. We screened our own t-shirts, manufactured our own records - we've done everything 100% ourselves. It was right at that point when we started getting a HUGE amount of attention from major labels and we started selling lots and lots of records and stuff and that's when we had to start delegating things out. So playing the MusicWest thing helped us a little in that that was when we decided who we wanted to help us with the booking, who we wanted to help us with the management of the band and that kind of stuff. It was one of those things that was just part of the process of us trying to organize the band.

Do you consider yourself as being sold out?
Sold out?! I don't really know what that means because no matter what you do, no matter how you want to run your band, somebody is always going to accuse you of not doing the right thing. Like 'Oh, you guys put out a record, oh you sold out...' There's always people that are going to be disappointed no matter what you do. We've done this for so long - this is our seventh tour across the country. We've been doing it ourselves and doing what we wanted for so long, so we don't care, we don't listen. The thing that really bothers me about people that accuse us of selling out is that we've done it ourselves for so long, we know every aspect of the music industry from management. Why would we make stupid choices? Why would we do dumb things? Give us the credit for being intelligent enough to make the right decision! Why does some 16 year old that lives with his parents and accuses us of not making the right choice for the band when we've done it for 10 years! Get real.

It seems like you make fun of it quite a bit.
Yeah we do - we make fun of everything. Sarcasm and humour has always been a part of the band, right from the first record.

Tell me about Furnacefest.
Furnace Fest is a music festival that we put on every year in Ottawa [with]13 bands from across the country. It's a whole day festival. It goes: out-of-town band, local band, out-of-town band, local band - the whole day long and it's really fun. This year we had bands from Victoria all the way to St. John's, Newfoundland. It was great! The year before we had the same sort of thing. It's just a day that we have in Ottawa that's just a gigantic festival.

What bands were featured this year?
This year we had Eric's Trip, Dayglo Abortions, Trigger Happy - who are on tour with us right now, opening up for us on the Western shows. We had Hardship Post from Newfoundland, we had a bunch of local bands - the Unbeatables, a Beat Poetry kind of band. We had the Mr. Keselix - excellent local band, one of my favourites. One called Fishtails another one from Ottawa...I can't remember all of them right now but there was 13 that lasted the whole day.

How well is Furnaceface received in the U.S.?
We've never had a release there, so the only places that we do very well in are the places very close to the border that get Nightlines or get Canadian radio. Buffalo, for example, is excellent because it has a huge overriding presence of Canadian radio from Toronto. College towns are great - one way or the other, they know about us. But bigger cities like Chicago are virtually impossible - they don't have a built-up club scene. It doesn't seem to be as organized as it is in Canada. There doesn't tend to be as sophisticated an audience, because they don't have the same kind of university radio presence that Canada has.

Right. We're fortunate here.
We are, we are. Ottawa, for example, has two excellent college stations and is getting a third, so it's hard to complain.

This question goes back to the audience thing. Do you notice any difference between the American and the Canadian audiences?
At the American shows that we play it seems to me that the American audiences aren't as sophisticated as the Canadian audiences. It's just a very different thing. We played an all ages show just outside of Madison, Wisconsin one time about a year ago. It was a pretty big all ages show [and] there were SEVERE punk rockers there, like the whole 1979 British punk rock stuff: girls with ripped fish net stockings and mini-skirts, guys with mohawks a foot and a half high. Punk rockers like you see in postcards of London. On the back of the jacket, it would say "The Cure." You just don't see things like that in Canada. There's nothing wrong with that, it's just all you can think is that these people have seen pictures of what they think punk rock is and they know that The Cure is this kind of alternative band, but there's not a level of sophistication.

So it's just very superficial then...
Well, it's not so much superficial, they just don't understand the same. There doesn't seem to be the same level of knowledge about the whole thing that people have in Canada. I don't know what the reason for that is. It could be because the closest thing they have is MTV, which is the only thing. If people complain about MuchMusic, they should see MTV in the U.S. - It's just *terrible*.
They're not adventurous at all, they only play the Phil Collins, the Michael Bolton, the Janet Jackson... you don't get anything else except that kind of thing.
It's hard to describe [but] the clubs are not nearly as well organized and usually the bands that we play with in the States are terrible. We probably shouldn't say that but oh man... The bands we play with in Canada are for the most part very good, but the bands in the States are just atrocious. I don't know why these things are like that, but that's the impression that I've got from the playing we've had in the States. I think the alternative music scene in Canada is just night and day - more interesting and healthier than in the States.

Where do you get your samples from?
Oh, all over the place! When we go on tour, we go through old used record stores and we're always looking for stuff, always keeping our eyes open. We have so many friends where we live that are always finding stuff for us to check out, so we constantly have stuff that we're listening to. There's never any shortage of samples - you can turn on your TV and tape advertisements on TV for one hour and if you sit down and watch you won't believe the stuff you've got. There's NO shortage of good samples.

You listen to funk hip hop a lot?
No, not me so much - the only funk I listen to is older, 70s stuff, like BT Express, a ton of old stuff like Sly. Our guitarist Pat is a DJ in Ottawa so he listens to a lot of hip hop. I'm not really into that too much. All of us have a wide interests - we all listen to different stuff.

What else do you do besides playing music? Do you snowboard?
No, Pat snowboards. I used to do a lot of skateboarding but I don't do that as much anymore, I don't have much time. We practice a lot and we also work full time and that takes up a fair amount of my time. I collect records, and I spend most of my time writing songs - that's where my major interest is. I also try to go out a fair amount to check out local bands and stuff like that.

Last question, what's your impression of Nardwuar?
Nardwuar is probably one of the greatest human beings ever to have lived. My VHS copy of *Welcome to my Castle* has been played HUNDREDS of times and my proudest moment was somewhere between watching Nardwuar on Ralph Benmergui's and having Nardwuar sleep on my living room floor when the Evaporators came to town.

> "Yeah we do - we make fun of everything. Sarcasm and humour has always been a part of the band, right from the first record."

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Hip Hoopla

by Shazia Islam

What is Hip Hop? A simple enough question: Hip Hop is all around us in the form of music, language, graffiti art, and even clothing - right down to the hip-hugging baggy jeans! Record and clothing stores are cramming their racks with Hip Hop merchandise. People want to feel, breathe, and live Hip Hop.

Something seems to be missing, however, perhaps even lost. Hip Hop is a culture, a culture born out of the Black struggle. In its original form, Hip Hop was a means by which people could express themselves in direct defiance of the racist institutions that surrounded them, a means by which they could mobilize and subsequently revolt against the oppression they faced and continue to face everyday: police brutality, educational degradation, cultural suppression, discrimination, and the list goes on for these are just a few of the problems. The music of Hip Hop in the form of rap and rhythmic beats is, then, a response to this oppression. It is a challenge to the status quo, a challenge to white domination. The raps carry strong, powerful, and direct messages calling for a revolution by the Black races. The term is "races" because Hip Hop has attracted and brought together people of colour who identify with the movement; they too are coming from a history of oppression and colonization and also face the same violence in everyday life. Hence, groups like Fun-da-mental and Hustlers who are of South Asian descent rap about the "wrath of the Black man" and "vigilante." There is a common basis of struggle between black people and other races of colour. Rap provides all these groups a direct and powerful way of saying, "Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me!"

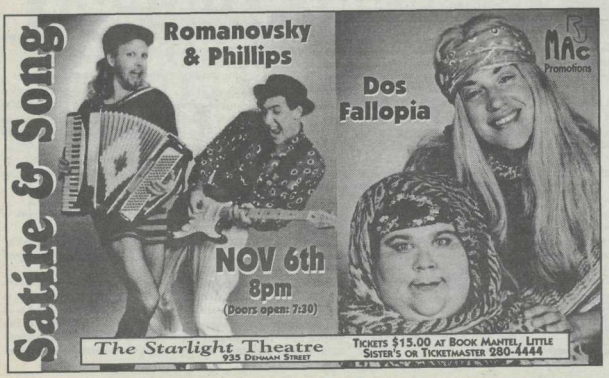
Hip Hop is also an issue of class. The culture has its roots in the ghettos of New York city where a marginalized people searches for an outlet through which to express their anger. The poverty, drugs, alcoholism, and general crime are a testimony to their oppression. They are fighting a system which has never and will never accept them, which continues to perpetuate the legacy of slavery and which refuses to recognize their rights as fellow human beings. People like Public Enemy, Arrested Development, Rage Against the Machine, Sistah Souljah, Me' shell NDege Ocello, Gangstarr, Paris and others like them rap about inner city life, unity, and revolution. They are not simply choosing an issue to write about off the top of their heads: They rap from experience. They talk about issues that are effecting them and their people with clear understanding. They are a voice for a repeatedly silenced community.

Given this history, I am led to question the legitimacy of white artists who rap. Sure, rap is a dominant form of music today and everybody is doing it, including Deee-lite, the Beastie Boys, House of Pain, Snow and scores of other white artists. Every artist looks for a new sound that reflects the times and gives them a more unique way of expressing their art - there is nothing wrong with that. However, white musicians who rap are doing a disfavour to the scene, adding insult to injury. They are essentially appropriating, glamourizing, and reducing Hip Hop, a cultural entity, to nothing more than a wayward form of music accessible to all. As Hip Hop becomes just another trend, its power diminishes; it is desensitized until its real meaning, its confrontational and revolutionary message, is lost - which is exactly what the "system" hopes to accomplish. Of course, there are Black artists who also contribute to the 'corporatization' of rap by selling out to the big time labels. They put on the dark shades, the black clothes, and Nike runners and take on the attitude of a true gangster from the 'hood,' complete with half-naked women. But is that an example of appropriation or is it a twisted attempt by these people to touch base with the community from which they have become so far removed? A culture can not steal from itself, but people from a culture can become displaced to the extent that they no longer share or are even aware of its values and customs. Their music and their videos project images of 'boyz in tha hood' and bikini-clad women that corporate America, exploiting the ignorance of these artists, feeds on and then presents as Hip Hop culture.

The major record labels have also aided in the suffocation of genuine Hip Hop by promoting so-called 'safe' artists and arranging the terms of agreement in such a way as to restrict these artists' freedom of expression. For example, Time Warner went back on its support of free speech when the Ice-T/Body Count song "Cop Killer" came out and they dropped the band like a ton of ignited dynamite. In the aftermath, the media twisted the meaning of the song and stated that Ice-T was encouraging the arbitrary killing of police officers when in fact he was making a strong statement against the senseless killing of Black people by those who are supposed to "serve and protect." Anyone who has any shred of knowledge concerning the oppression of people of colour at the hands of the authorities, especially Black people in America, would acknowledge the truth in this statement and realize that the media's response to it was a reactionary misinterpretation born of ignorance and the desire of the authorities to perpetuate fear and hatred of Blacks in the mind of white America and to prevent the recognition and discussion of issues concerning racism and prejudice.

One positive consequence of the mistreatment and misrepresentation of Black artists by the major labels and the media has been the creation of such independent labels as Deathrow, Scarface Records, Priority, and others as an alternative for established and rising Black artists. Some of the independents include Jeru the Damaja, Ice Cube, Conscious Daughters, and The Coup. The fact is that Hip Hop is a culture, and as such it must be protected and preserved.

I might add that there is an entire history explaining the birth of Hip Hop which was not addressed in this article but hopefully in future ones. Hip Hop is not something to take lightly. It is not the 'look of the month' but an entity living and breathing inside the souls of many 'Black' people across the world. It is a flame with sparks of black fists shooting out in revolt. Hence, there is a tremendous need for us to protect it from the dominant authorities who seek to extinguish that flame and dismember those sparks. With that in mind, the fourth annual CiTR presentation of the DJ Soundwar breaks its way up to the stage of the SUB ballroom on the 11th and 12th of this month. For all you up and coming Black artists, this is your forum.



By Sean Raggett

Special thanks to Alex

M-Blanket are a punk 'rock 'n' roll outfit from our beautiful province's capital city, Victoria. The band consists of three of the best looking guys this side of the Pacific: Chad (bass & vocals), Dave (guitar & vocals) and Charles (drums). *DiSCORDER* caught up with these three sassy minstrels at a bustling coffee shop in North Vancouver before their amazing blowout at the Southwall. With one 7" record on Victoria based Slow to Burn records (*Seen It Coming*) and a successful North American tour under their belts, the boys have just begun to reach for the stars. Between mouthfulls of golden-brown flapjacks and distinctively vibrant, full-bodied coffee, *DiSCORDER* chatted with M-Blanket (and special guests Coral from Lashback and Julie, our affable waitress for the evening) about Morrissey, life on the road, riot grrls, haunted forests and Bryan Adams...

***DiSCORDER*: Who are you?**
Chad: If I could answer that, I would be able to solve a lot of my personal problems
Charles: Nothing to Lose. I'm Tony Palooza, I play in Nothing to Lose
Chad: We're a rock band from Victoria called M-Blanket. A rock 'n roll band. A real rock 'n roll outfit
Dave: My name's Rick, I'm a trucker, and can I get the milk?

What do you do in the band M-Blanket?
Charles: He's Chad, he plays bass and croons; he's Robby Cancar, he plays guitar and croons, and I'm Charles, and I play drums and wear a hat.

What does the M stand for in M-Blanket?
Chad: That's a secret that no one will ever find out.
Charles: Yeah, we can't tell you - it would jeopardize our mission.
Chad: Let's just put it this way: If you're in trouble, and no one else can help, then you'll find out what the M means. But it's a secret otherwise.

How do people find M-Blanket if they need your help?
Chad: If you're really really in trouble, we'll find you, don't worry.

Is M-Blanket old-school or new school?
Charles: We're the school of hard knocks, that's what we are.
Chad: We're private school.
Dave: We don't go to school.
Coral: You guys are small girls' school. Are you guys hard?
Charles: Are we hard? Oh, you know it.
Chad: Charles is always hard. I've had an erection since I was eight.

Who are you playing with tonight at the North Van Rec Centre, some other suburban punk rockers?
Chad: Some band from Kamloops called Waterboy or something - Wonderboy.
Charles: The truth is, we don't really care who we play with because we have such huge egos that it only matters that we're there. We're the only band that people come to see anyway; everyone's gonna leave after we're done.

Would you consider yourselves a suburban punk rock band?
Dave: No, because we don't live in the suburbs
Charles: We live in the heart of the city because we enjoy the crime and the pornography and the drugs: the real feel we get off of those types of people.

What would you want someone to know before they came to your show; what would you tell them to expect at an M-Blanket show?
Chad: Expect to be very lonely (laughs).
Charles: Hmm, what to expect at an M-Blanket show? Fiery riffs from Robby Hancar...
Dave: Stop calling me that (laughs).
Charles: Shredding vocals, bass monstrosity thundering upon you, like nothing you've ever heard, crooning from Chad that'll bring a tear to your eye every time, and a lot of 4/4 drumming.

Let's say we were to go to an M-Blanket show in Victoria, are we going to see a lot of coifed hair in the audience?
Chad: Is that like Elvis? Oh, mohawks? No, probably not, I don't think.

How about kids with baggy clothes and backwards baseball caps?
Chad: I've seen some of those.
Dave: There's some kids with coifed hair.
Chad: Not like in the good ol' days
Charles: We've been doing this since '71.

Bryan Adams has a song called "Summer of '69." Where was M-Blanket in 1969?
Dave: I was in the womb.
Chad: I was not yet in the womb
Charles: In 1969 I was doing brown acid at Woodstock.

How about 1993, the year punk broke. What was M-Blanket doing?
Chad: I was buying my first Sonic Youth record. It was after that that I knew that this's what I wanted to do because I related to Thurston so well.
Charles: I think in 1993 that was the first time I heard of a band called Crimpshine from Berkeley California, and it changed my life. That's when I hung up my Benneton shirts and Roots clothing and decided...

You just arrived in your van - where were you?
Chad: We were driving in North Van because we were at the end of our tour across Canada and into the midwestern United States and then back to North Vancouver, and then we're going home.
Dave: And then back in black. That's the last stop.

What did you find out about Canada when you were travelling - you went cross Canada and you went down to America - what did you find out about Canada that you did not know before you left?
Chad: That everybody in Red Fisher is the best. Red Fisher, go buy everything they own, they're the best people on earth.
Dave: Winnipeg was a nice place.

Red Fisher, Winnipeg punk rock stars?
Chad: Oh yeah, speaking of a Winnipeg we played with a band called Elliot from Winnipeg, and we also stayed at their house and they're very, very good. Par excellence.
Charles: I also found out I fell in love with a Polish man named Tolm. In Winnipeg.
Chad: Who's in Elliot.
Charles: Yes.

Coral: Hey, tell us about the forest, the forest story.
Chad: That's the only thing worth talking about. I'm not gonna tell it, because I can't make out a coherent sentence right now.
Dave: He's busy playing with the cream I stuck up his nose before.
Chad: We drove through Hiawatha National Forest in Michigan - the northern part of Michigan - when we were bee-lining it to Minot, North Dakota. We were driving through there really late at night and we took this turn at this crossroads where there was a weird ghostly electrical plant sticking up out of the middle of nowhere in the ground. It came at this fork in the road and we turned right, and that turned out to be the evil path. As soon as we took the right hand turn every*thing went just drastically amiss*, and it was the creepiest night I've ever had in my life.

Starting with Charles, what happened first?
Charles: First we started running out of gas, and we thought we were gonna be stuck in the middle of this forest in the middle of nowhere. We saw this androgynous hitchhiker who was just staring straight ahead, like hundreds of miles away from anywhere else where there would be anything that you could have walked from, and we drove past. Chad was very scared, because he thought he was the only one who saw it, and then he asked me, and I said yes, and when we looked around in the rear view mirror, she was gone. And then we saw a guy sitting in a truck in the middle of this forest, hunched over his wheel with all his lights turned off, hundreds of miles away from anyone, just staring out. When we got out of the van to relieve ourselves we saw the Aurora Borealis for the first time, so the sky was on fire and it frightened us. It was horrible, and I woke up to this blood curdling scream that I heard in my subconscious, and Dave thought he hit this doe, this big elk-like thing. It jumped right in front of the van, and he swore to god he heard the whack, and then we turned off, and we were all, y'know, frightened because we were like, 'Oh, y'know we hit a deer, this is horrible,' so we turned around, and when we went back, there was nothing there. There was no blood, there was no deer, there was no nothin'. It was horrible.

It vanished?
Chad: Yes. Or maybe it was never there.
Charles: Just like the androgynous, ghostly palefaced hitchhiker.
Chad: So then we drove down this big rocky road, which was horrible and then we came out on this beautiful, tranquil lake, and that's when we knew that everything was gonna be OK.
Charles: That's our big story.

•

And that was it, that was the only highlight of your tour?
Charles: Oh no, that was just the supernatural part.
Chad: The rest we just drove around.

What about America, what did you think of America? What's the difference between an American and a Canadian?
Chad: I'd say American truckers have worse handwriting, judging from the handwriting in the bathrooms, but they have better jokes, and they have nicer asses.
Charles: Yeah, true.

Do you have a name for your punk rock tour?
Charles: Yes, "More Pork Please." That was the name of the tour.

Did you sell any shows out?
Chad: Oh, all of them. We can't walk down the street without getting identified and hugged.

Where's the most exciting place M-Blanket played on the More Pork Please tour?
Charles: The mall in Regina
Dave: Yeah.

You played a mall?!
Chad: Yeah, our show for Regina fell through, so we ended up playing in this outdoor mall called Scarth Street. We played for two hours and made five dollars.
Charles: And during the time we were there we got on the local news. A guy came by with a camera and filmed us, and also a woman came by and gave me her card and said she'd be delighted to have us perform at her art gallery opening

At a mall?
Charles: At a mall.
Chad: Then in Chicago, someone got shot in front of a show...

In front of an M-Blanket show?
Charles: It was actually in front of the Insult to Injury show. I to I played the same night we played in Chicago, so we played our show, and then went over to where they had been playing, and someone had just been shot dead outside. And we had played at that place the night before.

So you were touring with Insult to Injury?
Chad: Nope, we just met them in Chicago, and then we parted company again.
Charles: Actually, that's not the most memorable show, for me. It was in Milwaukee, where we played in an anarchist basement show with Dirt and Final Warning and everybody there was an anarchist crusty punk and

when we showed up and played our punk pop crap, it was greeted with less than enthusiasm.
Dave: There were a few people there, though.
Chad: And right before that Dirt show, I hit a car outside; I fucked up the rear end of some car, but we were too intimidated to actually stop and report it 'cause we were playing at an anarchist show.

Did you meet any rock stars on your tour?
Charles: As a matter of fact we did. When we were in Madison we hooked up with Loverboy and we played a benefit show for Loverboy 'cause they're not doing so well so if anybody can, go out and buy the new Loverboy album because they kinda need the money.
Chad: I ran into rock stars! When we were playing in Minot, North Dakota I got up early in the morning and went to the coffee shop and Team Dresch was just coming in for coffee...

Team Dresch! Wow, all the way from Olympia!
Chad: Yes, now from Portland, I found out. They've relocated. They were very friendly and really nice, so that was my encounter...
Charles: And Mitsou came to our show in Quebec City.

At this point, the food arrives.

Ohhh, food.
Waitress: Fries?
Chad: Aw, wonderful.
Dave: You got everything but the fries!

Charles, who is your Canadian hero?
Charles: My Canadian hero? I would have to say, Anne Murray. Can that count? I'm the guy that's been sending her letters, stalking her for five years, that's me.
Chad: I'm the guy who's been stalking Alan Thicke.

Is that your Canadian hero?
Chad: Is he Canadian?
Dave: Yup. I like his hair.
Chad: If he's Canadian, then he's my Canadian hero.

Dave, who's your Canadian hero?
Dave: I don't have one. I don't have any idols.
Charles: I'll go on record saying it's a damn shame this isn't a television interview because Dave would break your hearts with his stunning good looks.
Charles: Everyone down there thinks I look like the lead singer from Green Day, and I don't like it. I'm goin' on record right now: Billy Joe, there can only be one of us. I will meet you in Berkeley Square anytime you say. You pick the weapon; I don't care if it's pistols, fisticuffs, rapiers, slingshots, doesn't matter. You and me: one of us has got to go. I'm sick of looking like you, and I'm sick of you looking like me.
Chad: One girl had to run out to her car and get her tape case and bring it back in and get her friends to look to make sure it wasn't.

Who is hot on the Canadian music scene?
Chad: Well, my favourite band right now is a band called More. They kinda sound like Pearl Jam and the Red Hot Chili Peppers sorta thing, they're really hot. I don't know if they're still together, but they're hot, they're wicked.
Charles: Elliot, that's who's hot on the Canadian scene, from Winnipeg.
Charles: More won't have anything to do with me, because they don't think I'm punk rock enough.
Chad: On the Vancouver scene?
Dave: The Nation.
Chad: The Nation of Fuckers is definitely hot.

How about Victoria - who's hot? Black Kronstat?
Charles: I'd say they're fairly hot.
Chad: I'd say they're hot.

How about the Hanson Brothers, are they doing anything these days?
Charles: The Hanson Brothers are not hot anymore. I'd say they're warm.

Too old school?
Chad: No, they haven't done anything for awhile...
Charles: You can only run with a parody joke so far, and I think they pretty much...
Chad: Jumbo Prawn, that's who's hot in Victoria.
Dave: (with mouth full) Mmm hmm.
Chad: Floragore, if they count as Victoria.

Where are they from?
Chad: Duncan.
Charles: M-Blanket's hot. As soon as we get out of the studio recording our new album on Warner Brothers, we're gonna do another big tour; we're really big in Japan. We're gonna be opening for David Hasselhoff.
Chad: How's your omelette?

Yummy.
Chad: It looks offensive. This whole wheat pancake isn't filling me up as much as they promised on the menu.

Are there any riot grrls in Victoria?
Chad: Yes, there are. But they're very small.
Charles: Yeah, they're all under four feet (laughs).

Where does M-Blanket fit in the riot grrl scene?
Chad: We're a riot grrl friendly band.

> I keep smiling at people, and no one will smile back at me. I feel very hurt. It makes me want to retreat into myself-curl up into a little ball and die. No one loves me.
>
> CHAD.

Charles: But being an all boy band, it's kinda hard to...

Is there a space for males in the riot grrl scene?
Chad: I don't know, you'd have to ask a riot grrl.
Charles: That is a question I won't approach.

Do you ever think of forming a riot boy scene?
Chad: Riot guys.
Dave: Riot nerds.
Charles: What would that mean?
Dave: Just rioting (laughs)?
Charles: Just having a boys group that was called riot boy?
Chad: What did you have in mind for the riot boy scene? I don't know what you mean. I don't really see what oppression boys are going through right now, so I think basically if we form a riot boy group, it would be like sitting around drinking beer. But we already have that unsaid group already, so we don't really need it
Charles: Who wants salsa? Who wants some salsa and butter? Would you like some butter with your salsa?

What about 'zines? How's the 'zine scene in Victoria these days?
Charles: There's a couple of good ones, I'd say. Everybody writes fanzines in Victoria, I think everyone has one, everybody who lives there, the whole populous, 300,000 people...
Chad: Even Bob Cross has his own 'zine now, it's called *Meat*...
Charles: It's called *Meat is Fun*; it's got a big picture of Morrissey frowning.

Coral: You guys want to comment on Morrissey?
Dave: Better not say anything mean
Chad: He's a god.
Charles (with mouth full) He's a genius, it's true.
Chad: He's the only man in the world who understands me better than I understand myself.

What would you call a zine if you had a fanzine for M-Blanket? Have you ever thought about starting a fanzine?
Charles: I did have a fanzine at one point, called *Who Cares*. (laughter) I swear to god.
Chad: I'm writing one when I get home. I started it, and I'm gonna print it out when I get home.
Dave: I was gonna start one, I had an idea for one called *One Big Fabulous Balloon* and it was just gonna be a magazine full of lies and absolute shit and it was gonna be the worst magazine ever and [I would] still see if people bought it.
Chad: Sounds like my zine.
Charles: I'd make an effort to have the worst magazine ever, lying about people and stuff. Gossip, and that sort of thing.

Where were you when Kurt Cobain died?
CHAD: We were in San Francisco. I walked into a record store and the girl behind the counter said that she had some bad news.

At this point, our wonderful waitress reappears to clear the table and rejoin the fun...

What's your name?
Waitress: I'm Julie.

Where were you, Julie, when Kurt Cobain died?
Julie the Waitress: I heard of him, but I...I think I was here. (laughter) I remember hearing the name, that's all.

Are you going to the M-Blanket show tonight, across the street at the Lonsdale Rec Centre?
Julie the Waitress: (incredulously) No, I'm working. I've got to stay here and work, otherwise I would.
Charles: What if we got you the night off? (laughs) Because it's a well known fact that I am the son and heir of the owner himself.
Julie the Waitress: (disbelieving) Oh, yeah, sure.
Charles: I could throw my weight around...
Julie the Waitress: Do you know how long I've been working here, and how hard I've been workin'?
Charles: Hey, I like the way you're doing things here, and as far as I can see, you're working harder than everybody else, so shape things up in here. (laughter).

Do you know where Bryan Adams lives?
Julie the Waitress: He used to live here on the North Shore.

Have you ever seen Bryan Adams?
Julie the Waitress: When he was working. Didn't he work at the Tomahawk? (laughter, applause) See, I'm not that old, am I? My daughter used to talk about him a lot and she said he worked there. Are you finished with that plate?
Dave: Was Bryan a slacker at work?
Julie the Waitress: No, she never said anything.
Charles: He's a slacker in bed, I can tell you that from personal experience...
Julie the Waitress: (aghast) How would you know?! (laughter) I gotta go.

See M-Blanket live Tuesday, November 15 with Naked Aggression & the Insipids at Crosstown Traffic (all ages)!

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GREGG ARAKI

BY TODD ALEXSON
INTRO BY KEVIN O'TOOLE

In a homogeneous world, Gregg Araki is an individual. In a society of heterosexuals, he's a homosexual. In an economic climate where pursuing your dream career is hardly a viable option, he's a no-budget movie makers with a filmography as long as his right arm behind him and a million dollar movie ahead of him. As an experienced film auteur, he'd rather be listening to alternative music than catching the latest flick. And he loves Los Angeles. Who the hell does this guy think he is?

As labeled above, and in numerous other publications that have covered his work since he crashed the scene with his "irresponsible" AIDS love story, *The Living End*, Gregg Araki is an opinionated, active, music-loving, film-making, queer Los Angelino. His film *Totally F***ed Up*, about teens immersed in doubly alternative lifestyles (gay and punk) is making the festival rounds, gathering acclaim like a still stone accumulates moss. He's just shot *Doom Generation*, his first movie with a substantial budget and, though not even finished editing that project yet, he's got a new script, *Nowhere*, all ready to be realized.

Are these the actions of a tycoon-in-the-making or just a guy with a lot of time on his hands? Araki insists that his greatest ambition is to forget Hollywood even exists.

"I don't approach film in a career-oriented way. I always approach all my films, no matter how big or small, as important films to me. They are films that I want to make and they say things that I want to say."

In his latest two films, *The Living End* and *Totally F***ed Up* both of which gained wider release than anything he'd done before, what Araki has to say has a lot to do with being gay in the nineties. A subject that has recently become dear to the hearts and wallets of mainstream Hollywood, the plight of the modern homo is hot hot hot. Araki doesn't mind being caught up in the hype, but he is quick to distance himself from the queer blockbuster industry.

"Films like *And the Band Played On* and *Philiadelphia* are very white-washed, very diluted. I only saw *Philadelphia*. It didn't interest me that much as a film. That film, at the end of the day, is not for me. That film is for heterosexual people in Iowa who don't know what a gay person is like, who don't know anything about gay people. I don't look towards these Hollywood movies for any sort of enlightenment. I don't look towards them for artistic fulfillment. You look at Hollywood and expect it to be Hollywood. I don't delude myself into thinking that Hollywood cares about an accurate representation of poor people. I think that *Philadelphia* was extremely successful and extremely important for what it was: a movie about gay people for straight people. Because it was really successful at the box office - if had been more of a radically queer film it would not have been - it opened a lot of doors in terms of allowing other gay films to be made. Hollywood doesn't care about gay people. They don't care about black people, they don't care about anything except movies that make money. If Hollywood movies come out, even if they're bad movies about gay people, if they are unsuccessful, they will immediately blame the lack of success on the fact that they feature gay characters. All these bad gay movies, like *Philadelphia*, like *The Wedding Banquet*, like *Pricilla [Queen of the Desert]*, have come out and I personally don't like any of them but the fact that they have been very commercially successful is really important as far as the representation of gay and lesbian people on-screen. If *Philadelphia* had bombed, I can guarantee you would never have seen a gay movie again for the next ten years; but now there are all of a sudden all these projects in development."

Araki writes, directs, produces, and even shoots all of his pictures and has, wielding his poverty like a mighty sword of Truth, been able at least to be true to his own vision. Though his films aren't always the finest examples of scriptwriting or character development or multi-level narrative or cinematography, they are honest, heartfelt and reeking of Araki's own acerbic sensibility.

*Totally F***ed Up* is just such a film. Incubated from a newspaper piece stating that an alarming percentage of teen suicides were committed by gay teens caught between external heterosexual expectations and their internal homosexual orientation, Araki's script is about four gay boys and two lesbian girls, all nineteen, who have little in common with their cruising and/or activist queer brothers and sisters and nothing at all in common with straight people.

Living on the fringe of the fringe, these kids are into alternative music, recreational drugs, hanging out together, and not much else. The bleak Los Angeles landscape they occupy has nothing of value to offer them. Casual sexual encounters do little to boost their self-esteem and they spend most of their time goofing around as subjects for one member of the group's on-going video diary. These diary segments are a large part of the film as the characters reveal themselves and their world to the camera more easily than they would to another person.

"[Mixing video and film] is something that really interests me. I think that the video and film are really different media. The relationship between video and film is like

Swingin' at the Hotel Vancouver during the thirteenth annual Vancouver International Film Festival this October was Atom Egoyan, Canadian film guy. Here to promote his latest in a series of somewhat bizarre yet emotionally titillating films, Mr. Egoyan gave *DiSCORDER*'s Kevin O'Toole the time of day, and a lot more.

DiSCORDER: Although your work has always been received well locally, within Canada, *Exotica* has gained a lot of critical acclaim, including the International Critic's Prize at Cannes [Film Festival]. Do you think your movie making ability has increased or is it that the world is finally opening its eyes to your talent?

Atom Egoyan: It's a question I'm in the process of trying to answer. I can't really provide a quick response because I think that if you keep doing something long enough people will come to terms with it. I feel that this film is very much in the tradition of the other movies I've made but there is something about [*Exotica*] in particular that seems to be more accessible and people are responding to that. Its a combination of things. It's a good time in my career to have a film like this where people are able to feel rewarded by their emotional investment in what the movie's about.

I don't know if it was the theatre's ventilation but throughout the film their seemed to be a humid feeling. I don't think it was necessarily from watching the club scenes, I think it was the interaction of the characters and the overall tenseness.

You can't underestimate the effect of the sound. I don't know if you saw it in a Dolby theatre with proper sound, but the sound in the film has a really strong subliminal effect on [the audience's] appreciation of it. It's a very careful sound design. When you're talking about a humid feel, a lot of the sounds woven into the film are quite aquatic. There's a sense of being in a swamplike environment. There are birds calling and there are very strange [sound]scapes.

I believe a film should operate at two levels. It has to have a literal level of narrative and character but it has to also appeal to your subconscious. In order to do that, as a filmmaker, you have to construct it in such a way that there's enough space for the viewer to kind of slip into a reverie, to drift along with the movie. That's a very difficult balance to achieve. I think this film has done that because you have a situation where the characters are all lost in a dream state and you, as a viewer, are also induced into that yourself. I think that is [included] in the other movies as well but there is something more garish about the other films and [the audience is] aware of the artifice and are a bit more removed. This one you are a lot more emotionally invested.

When Mia Kirshner gets to dance for the first time you have Leonard Cohen playing. Leonard Cohen seems, I hate to say, the darling of moviemakers. He's in Oliver Stone's latest, he's in yours, and he's in various others. I was talking to other critics and they felt this was almost the Leonard Cohen Festival.

It's very bizarre. In Cannes there were all these movies that had Leonard Cohen [sound]tracks, *Dear Diary*, the Nanni Moretti film, *Natural Born Killers*, like you said. It's really quite strange and there's no way to account for it. I love that song [that I used], "Everybody Knows," it's one of my favourite songs. It seems so appropriate to the subject of the film which is that notion of communal knowledge. What is it that people know or don't know?

I'm not a great purveyor of strip clubs and I don't claim to have a great knowledge of them but I have seen a few and I've never seen one quite in the same vein as the club Exotica. Is that part of the mystique of the film?

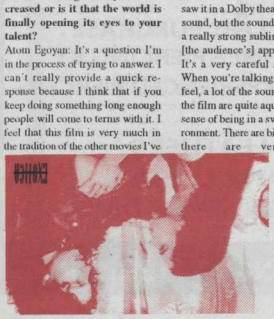
When I was scouting for locations and trying to actually realize the film, I had a choice to represent a strip club as they normally are, really depressing and dank places to be, or to create something very heightened and almost more like a cabaret. I decided to go with the latter just because so much of the film was going to take place in the club and I wanted it to be somewhere the viewer could imagine themselves being in for a long time. [Involved in my decision was] the whole notion of exoticism, the idea of trying to create a forced environment, to play with ideas of nature, and [the idea of] nature as something consciously created. What is the natural state of a things? Those were very important to the theme of the film. I wanted to create a jungle-like environment but [one] that you knew was very man-made. We really went to town with the club. Some people actually visited [the set] and decided they wanted to make it into a real club. One of the saddest days of my life was when we had to tear the place down because it was so inviting.

In your past films, and coming up to this one, you have surrounded yourself with actors you know you can work with. Your wife, Mia Kirshner, for instance, and various others, like Don McKellar who was in *The Adjuster* as well as *Exotica*. Do you find it easier this way? Do you feel that they can understand your work?

These are people that you develop a shorthand with and when you're making a film in five weeks, you're faced with pressures and it's really good to feel that the actors understand your work and your methods. You don't have to introduce them to something while you are so manic with trying to get the film made. It's very comforting for me to be able to work with these people. They're people whom I trust implicitly to give me their best work. It's been very gratifying. It is a big family of people but I hope that I'm able to allow them to stretch and to explore their full capabilities.

Your wife was pregnant while filming this movie and she wasn't when you wrote the script so I assume that made for some interesting rewrites.

I think the most shocking thing is that some people think that I got her pregnant for the movie, which I did not



the relationship between photography and Polaroid's. There's that instantaneous intimacy that video has. I wanted to set up the dialectic between the two. It's part of the sensibility of *Totally F***ed Up* . I was trying to become very intimate with these characters. I really wanted the film to be told from the inside as opposed to this outsider coming in and chronicling it. The set up of the movie, which is of course fictional, is that the video is being shot by one of the characters. It's not this authorial, omniscient view but you are likewise privy to an interior, insider's view."

Another off-centre addition to the film are the messages that occasionally segue the video and film pieces. The most controversial of these 'axioms' is "Tom Cruise: Rock Hudson for the nineties." Araki insists that the phrase itself carries no greater truth but works in a different way.

"There have always been rumours flying about Tom Cruise. The film is full of an inside sense of humour. To me it was just a throwaway joke. Everyone always singles these things out and makes a big deal out of them and that's not what it's intended to do. For people who live in Los Angeles the Tom Cruise thing is common mythology. Personally I can't say one way or the other what Tom Cruise's sexual orientation is but I can say that it is impossible for someone like Tom Cruise, who from all accounts is a very unhappy and miserable person, to be 'out' if, in fact, he was gay."

Like the kids in his film, Araki exists on the fringe of the fringe. He lives and works in Los Angeles but, apart from getting the gossip, he has nothing to do with the image that most people have of the City of Angels. Drawing from his experience of the Los Angeles he knows and loves, *Totally F***ed Up* portrays an empty urban desert unrecognizable as the sprawling burg the rest of us think of as the gilt throne of a North American show-biz empire or the frenetically violent hotbed of racial tension.

"I was born in Los Angeles and I've lived most of my life there. I personally am one of the few people in the world who loves it there. In its own ugly and tacky and surreal way, I think it's a beautiful place. I see a part of Los Angeles that a lot of people don't see. It's the side that comes through very much in my movies. I see it as the capital of alienation. It's very vast. It's a nocturnal wasteland, particularly because I'm not part of the nine-to-five, hustle and bustle, doing lunch, driving around with a car phone life which is how people normally see Los Angeles. There's a whole other part of Los Angeles that is very desolate, very dark and lonely. The city is very deserted at 3 am. It's like this ghost town. It's this big concrete place that you just drive around in. That is a side of the city that I really like. That's why I have a hard time being someplace like New York which never has that feeling. It's always go go go go go. I feel very claustrophobic and boxed in there. Los Angeles is very much about space and openness. The idea of the void is always there."

Alienation seems to be a concept that Gregg Araki is comfortable with. Most people who feel disattatched from society as a whole usually lament their removed state. Araki embraces it. Not only does he thrive in an apparently empty megalopolis, he gains his most significant inspiration from doom and gloom hits by the likes of The Smiths, Jesus and Mary Chain, Nine Inch Nails, Ministry, and Ride.

"I'm not a real movie person. I went to film school for seven years and I love film but I don't rush out and see every film that's ever made. Much more of my inspiration comes from music. I collect records and I'm really into music. I wake up in the morning and turn the stereo on and it's on until I go to bed at 3am. When someone wants to do their dissertation on my films, I think that their going to have to study the music that I use. The romanticism and themes of ostracization in them is all related to music. The title of *The Living End* is from a Jesus and Mary Chain song."

"The Smiths are angsty and miserable but their songs work in a lot of the same ways I think my movies work. There's a level of irony and self-consciousness about them. For people who are on their wavelength, they get it and the band is funny and depressing at the same time whereas people who aren't hate The Smiths and Morissey and hate everything they stand for. They just don't get it. People come up to me and tell me my movies are so whiny and miserable and blah, blah, blah. I don't mean to be elitist but you're on a wave length or you are not. There's nothing I can do about that."

Despite his move to the land of million-dollar budgets, Araki seems dedicated to remaining true to his individualist roots. Doom Generation, to be released in 1995, tells the tale of a road crime spree. Despite the plethora of white trash adolescent killers on the lam flicks that have been released recently, the world can rest assured that Gregg Araki will have a completely unique take on the subject. First of all, the young protagonist, fashioned after a *Beetlejuice*-era Winona Ryder, has TWO boyfriends who join her on the lamb. Second, even Araki thinks it's weird.

"*The Living End* is subtitled "An Irresponsible Movie by Gregg Araki" and *Totally F***ed Up* is subtitled "Another Homo Movie by Gregg Araki" *Doom Generation* is called "A Heterosexual Movie by Gregg Araki." There's a self-conscious irony about it. It's heterosexual but it's very very queer and very subversive. It's my most extreme, out-there movie. It's an interesting step for me."

Always the eager beaver when it comes to his own projects, there's already another Gregg Araki project in the works.

"My next film, which is called *Nowhere*, is my version of *Beverly Hills 90210*. It's not *Beverly Hills 90210*, it's the other side. It's like the dark twin of that show. It's also about beautiful teenagers in Los Angeles but anything I do will always be filtered through my sensibility. It's obviously not going to turn out like an Aaron Spelling production. You start from the same place but the paths diverge. They're really like night and day. There is sort of a meeting ground but it's more a point of divergence."

Gregg Araki has made a career out of divergence and for that alone he should be considered a genius; in terms of his filmmaking skills, he has a long way to go to prove his status as a maestro. As an individual, however, he's got it in the bag.

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do. It did make for interesting
rites. It worked really well,
phorically, to have her pregg
, to be carrying another human
g within her, in terms of what
ilm was about. There are a lot
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and the idea of hatching, of
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f, so it was irresistible to infuse
regnancy.

**our films I find that you re
can't understand or get to
e the characters until the fi
noments of the film. It's al
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something instead of putting
gether. Do you think that
es for a more interesting sub
matter?**

type of structure that I really
because I think it's very re
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g to unveil motivations. I like
eries. It makes the film struc
ike a mystery. The question is,
lo you keep people's attention
you're not using the more tra-

ditional techniques of character identification. You're not quite sure when you're watching the film that you want to be with these people but obviously in this film there's something very seductive outside the characters which is the whole environment and situation. It's a balance. I'm really proud of creating this new form. Most films are about cause and effect but these films are about effect and then cause.

You've described it almost as a strip tease, appropriate enough for this film.

That's it. Like in any strip tease the moment of revelation is not as charged as the process of getting there. That's my approach to narrative structure generally. The process of getting to a revelation is more interesting than the revelation itself. A friend of mine called it an attraction for the eyes. Something to hold on to, to frame. We all need to have things framed because that contextualizes what you're viewing, so it's interesting to use that as part of the structure as well.

**You wrote, in the film *Speaking
Parts* , "There is nothing spe
about words." Do you find th
true in your movies? There se
to be a lot of spaces between
logue where there's just atm
phere filling it up.**

I think we use words to fill u
lences that we'd rather not deal
Sometimes it becomes very a
ward to leave silence in our cor
sation or our lives because it m
that we have to confront things
we may not want to address. You
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meet somebody, they desire to l
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are huge issues but they're very
ficult to just come out and
about. Words become very ba

They don't necessarily mean what you think they do.

I find that a lot of the conservative majority tend to automatically label a film as pornographic without actually viewing it.

That's what's happened in our case. We've received some very concerned letters. They are people who have not seen *Exotica*, they've just read about it and formed an opinion about it, and that's laughable, but people actually take this sort of thing seriously. It escapes me how people can form an opinion without seeing something but that seems to be the social grease of our community a lot of the time. People don't have time to go and watch things so they form opinions without having really decided for themselves.

I personally found the film deeply emotional. In the final confrontation, when you find out the character's purpose for going to the club, it's so emotionally charged. This is the point that I don't think people are seeing when they automatically critique this film and call it pornographic.

I'm really glad you brought that up. The intentions of these characters are so human and so delicate and so vulnerable. One of the main themes of the film is that people are not what they seem and that you have to not trust first impressions sometimes; you have to go deeper, you have to really let yourself be curious and not just judgmental. In order to explore that theme you have to have the highest expectations of your viewer. You have to assume your viewer is infinitely intelligent and curious and that's how I make my films. I hope they are rewarding to the viewer on that basis. That they are emotionally resonant and that they really are gratifying. I'm not making theses and I'm not making these films for academic reasons. I have to tell these narratives. I want to share them. I want people to partake and to be riveted and to feel something.

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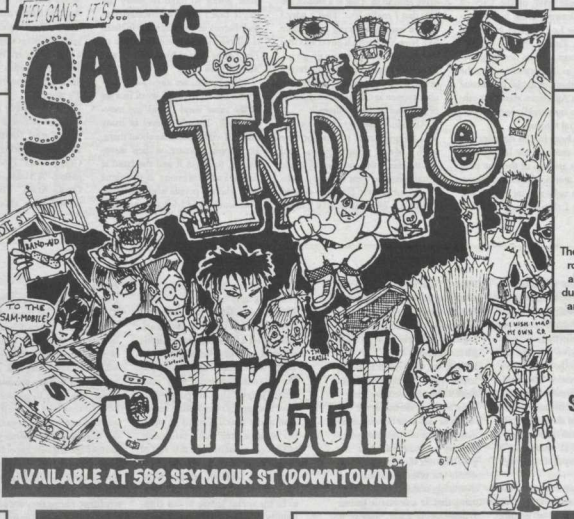

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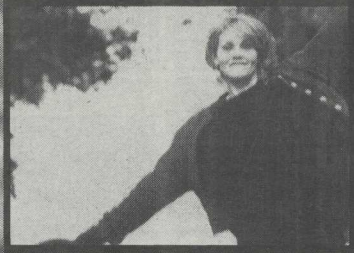

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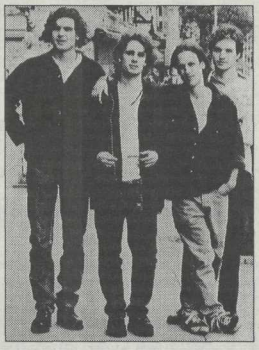

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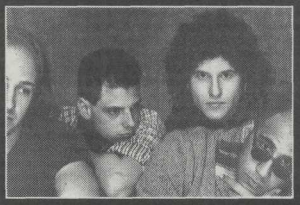

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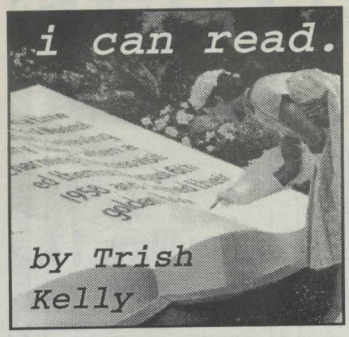

Welcome to the premiere of I Can Read, so named because names are hard to find, even harder to remember, and I wanted to make it simple. The series of learning-to-read books I had in grade one were named "I Can Read" and that seems like a pretty good name to me.

As you will so cunningly observe, Mr. Kinakin is not doing Vancouver Special anymore. But have no fear, *DiSCORDER* will not be abandoning the local scene: Sean Raggett will take over local music and I will handle zines. I hope to give you a good account of what is going on in Vancouver's zine scene, as well as including, basically, any zine I can get my grubby hands on.

There is a reason for everything I do in this world and my motivation for doing this column centers around my experience with - you guessed it - zines. I have been an enthusiastic reader of zines for a while now, as well as being the writer of one for a year. In that role, I have learned the joy of receiving mail orders from near or far and have come to the comforting realization that there are people like me everywhere the postman delivers. Zines are a personal yet public way of networking with other people who are involved in your areas of interest.

Like all new things, this column will probably suck at first. That's okay. I forgive myself. I know it will get better with time and your support. Send me your zines care of:

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Please include size, cost, interest in trading, and all the important stuff that I am forgetting. And please remember when sending stamps or money to consider country of origin and where you are asking them to send it!

And now, on to the zines...(Yes folks, they're even in alphabetical order!)

Bronx Cheer #1
This is the first issue of a zine put out by a thrifty Canadian looking for a good excuse to buy cheap gas in Blaine every week. (At least that is my guess at this Canadian zine having an American address.) The focus of the zine is on indie rock and this issue features interviews with Boston's Cul De Sac, New Zealand's Bailter Space and locals Blaine Pascal, plus lots of reviews of cool bands. (PO Box 785, Blaine, WA, USA 98231 - $1)

Cochineal #2
This is a very personal, very visual zine that expresses the pain suffered by the author after being sexually assaulted as a child. This kind of topic can be hard to listen to because we don't like to hear about the bad things that happen to people. In our own little worlds, it is easier to forget that sexual abuse can happen to anyone. The author of this zine bravely exposes her feelings for you. It is so important to tell. It is so important that you listen. (4157 Verona Rd., S. Euclid, OH, USA 44121-3109 - $1 or send stamps)

Forever and a Day #12
Forever and a Day is one of my favorite zines. In this issue, the creator, Kelly, takes off down south with Seattle's Christopher Robin and Bellingham's Jayhawker to play shows and see the sights. Kelly is an awesome writer, and his type writer makes him even more interesting to read. Good ideas and perspectives make this zine vital. (PO Box 95383, Seattle, WA, USA 98145-2383 - send stamps or the cash equivalent)

Heart Attack #2
Now that *Maximum Rock N Roll*, the monthly punk rock bible from California, won't review 'non-punk' records, *Heart Attack* is offering itself as the zine *MRR* should be. It does a good job of covering Hardcore. (PO Box 848, Goleta, CA, USA 93116 - $1)

Handbook For Boys #4
Funny as hell, this zine made my day and the cool little scams to save you cash made me pee my pants. These boys write seriously, too, about their friendships, growing up, and families. Well-balanced and well laid-out. (1717 Miller Ave, Westlake, La., USA 70669 - send stamps)

How To Use Tact and Skill in Handling People
Great advice like "Take what you want. If anyone gets in your way, kill them." Lots of info about the town of Eugene, how the author lives with sexism and a gymnastics minizine, as well as plenty of zine reviews. (1449 Ranchwood Dr., Eugene, OR, USA 97401 - $1)

In Hell's Belly #7
The theme of this issue is Beauty, with articles about corset wearing, animal testing and Lollapalooza alongside ads for three coolest alternative stores in the area. This is actually more like a magazine than a zine. It is slick and the layout is just too damn pro! (free in Vancouver)

Invasion of the Slut Monkey from Hell #3
Rants, reviews, comics to smirk at and a Fabio spread - who could ask for more? You could even ask for reviews of the author's favourite lingerie stores around Toronto and you wouldn't be disappointed. (252 Risebrough Cir., Markham, ON, L3R 3J4 - send stamps)

Popguzer #4
A light-hearted zine which includes reviews, comics and even recipes. Take the *Pop Guzer* Asinine Multiple Choice Quiz and read an interview with July Fourth Toilet. Well laid out and definitely happy. (PO Box 78550, University Postal Outlet, Vancouver, BC, V6T 2E7 - $1)

Peaches and Herbicide #5 (The Pines of Carolina)
This zine is a must for anyone who has ever had to go away to college in a yucky town where no one you meet is into the same things you are. (See, that is why zines are so important: you are not alone, really.) Amazingly, the author communicates this without being depressing. It is nice to see someone's struggle, especially when it ends on a positive note. (PO Box 49514, Austin, TX 78765 USA - 75 cents)

Rampage #1
Rampage author Audrey is new to the zine writing thing, but she is not new to the idea of it. Already she has a network of pen pals who send her zines to review and has established connections with such scenester's as Vancouver's own Meegan Maultsaid, creator of the *Rock For Choice* compilation and one of the organizers of Grrrlpalooza. An interview with Meegan is included in this issue along with a bunch of other stuff, including book and record reviews. (6266 Starfield Cres., Mississauga, ON, L5N 1X4 - send a stamp)

Residential Garbage #1
Residential Garbage is sloppy and sarcastic. It is funny and smart. I like it. I'm very impressed and I hope these girls keep up the good work. (624 E.15th St., North Vancouver, BC, V7L 2S2 - free)

Runt
Lara is the author of this very important indie rock/personal zine. She is down with all the coolest cats - *par example*, Heavenly and Small Factory. Each issue includes a form letter for you to fill out and send in. (PO Box 261, Merion, PA, USA 19066 - send stamps)

Sandbox #6
This minizine is very neat and very distinct. I'd hardly know that it was even from Vancouver if it wasn't for the address - most Vancouver zines have a Vancouver look. (Don't ask me what I meant by that 'cause I don't know.) Good use of a cut-and-paste style layout. (#3-26666 Cambridge St., Vancouver, BC, V5K 1L5 - $1)

Um, I don't know if I've said this before, but I am an elementary school drop out. Actually, I got kicked out half way through Grade Two after the principal caught me smoking in the girl's bathroom. Consequently, I never learned the whole alphabet - I only got as far as "S". But Dylan, our kind editor, has promised to teach me the rest by next issue so I promise I will do zines for the whole alphabet next time. Until then, send me stuff, send for stuff, and read - it's good for you!

Crisp, loud, fun. Those are the three words that best describe Calgary's **The Parkades** debut 7" "Attack Me" b/w "The Man Insane." Somewhere in between Billy Childish's Mighty Caesars raunch and the Swinging Medallions' frat-rock, the Parkades have pounded out the good-time beat in very fine form. What is it with Calgary and its link to great rock'n'roll music? First came the Stampeders and the 49th Parallel, then Colour Me Psycho, then the Vindicators and, of course, Huevos Rancheros. Please folks, add the Parkades name to that astute, if dusty, list. They rock it up! (Roto-flex, P.O. Box 64252, Calgary, AB T2K 6J1)

From Toronto, there's a new split single from **Armed and Hammered** and **Suckerpunch**, two fairly high-profile acts outta hogtown these days. As creatively amusing as Armed and Hammered's monicker is, their sound is as I expected: generic hard-core/drunk-punk. I don't mean that in an altogether bad way. Their four-songs are delivered with much energy and a spirited gusto which is always appreciated in this corner. The shrieked, indecipherable vocals are not. There's a Rancid/NOFX feel going on here that's lacking the melody and talent of those bands.

Suckerpunch, on the other hand, play simple, stripped down 'n' straight-out psycho-billy. There's a whole lotta reverb, a whole lotta twangin' and a whole lotta attitude. They rock hard but we'll all have to face the fact that Suckerpunch would be in nowheresville fast if it weren't for a super little band called the Cramps. Lux Interior, Poison Ivy and company have been playing essentially the same garage rock'n'roll since their inception in the '70's; it's the only thing they know how to do. Luckily, they do it well and are responsible for the pop-culture tag "psycho-billy" that players like the Reverened Horton Heat have embraced so warmly. The Cramps are IT, the King Shits of Turd Island. This new Suckerpunch single is a continuation of the Cramps music-noire style of voodoo, sex, bullwhips, and drugs. Both "Let's Get Fucked Up" and "How Come You Do Me" rock way, way out. (The Medicine Label, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY, 20019-6908, USA)

All the way from Spain, our next band actually went and named themselves after our own little town. That's right, they're the **Vancouvers**! "Say You Will Wait" and "My Friends and I" are two clean power-poppers with gritty female lead vocals. It's pretty good stuff but what the hell are these Spaniards singing about, anyway? It's a little overproduced for my tastes, but I guess we should all be flattered. (Mojave Records, PO Box 50308, 28080, Madrid, Spain)

From Seattle's Rat City Records, please welcome the latest gimmick-seizers of rock'n'roll - **The Primitive Five**, complete with ape masks and all. The sound on this pooch is predictable as the ol' banana peel gag: primitive, three-chord '60's garage rock right off those old Pebbles albums. The stand-out B-side, "P-5 Theme," is an above average, ripping instrumental. (Rat City Records, 221 SW 153rd St. #230, Seattle, WA, 98166, USA)

The **3DS** follow along in the same '60's suit with "Mr. Suess" b/w "River Burial" on Merge Records. "Mr. Suess" is a great tune that sounds like the soundtrack to a Peter Sellars movie if the Standells had performed the music. "River Burial," a little more psychedelic, reminds me of something off of an oldies station, but hey, doesn't everything? Both of these songs rock. (Merge Records, PO Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC, 27514, USA)

Boston's Sonic Bubblegum label has put out a few lately. First, there's **The Tulips** with "Wet," a noisy demelodic bore. It's backed with "King of Sex," a Killdozer cover/tribute that does nothing but shame the original. This stuff just isn't played well.

On the other hand, **Tugboat Annie**'s "Jackknife" b/w "Mock" have the handle on some great melodies. These are parlayed into mid-tempo indie-pop that would get them the key to the city of Halifax and/or a twenty album contract with Sup Pop. Indie Rock's next superstars? They could be! Watch for them in future Zulu Records ads for complete confirmation. (Sonic Bubblegum, PO Box 35504, Brighton, MA. 02135, USA)

Okay kids, thanks for hangin' in there. Now we're for the home stretch - nothing but good stuff from here on in! We'll start the hit parade on a sad note - one of my all-time favourite bands has (gulp) broken up. After several albums and countless singles, **Screeching Weasel** has called it quits - but not before releasing a swan song album and a suburb single. "Suzanne Is Getting Married" b/w "Waiting for Suzie" are excellent slices of purified blitzkrieg, catchy-as-crabs punk rock. I love it; it doesn't get any better than this. We all just lost a great band. There's the Beatles. There's the Beach Boys. There's the Ramones. There's Screeching Weasel. The same anthemic calibre...get it? (Lookout! (who else?) PO Box 11374, Berkley, CA, 94712, USA)

Screeching Weasel's mentors are **The Queers**, who have, luckily for us, managed to stick around for over ten years. This four song EP entitled *Too Dumb To Quit* is a conglomeration of early Queer member Wimpy and the current Queers line-up doing way-old Queers tunes, some of which date back the full decade. There's five songs here, most in the same hard-core punk vein as all of their early material. Personally, I prefer their current, poppier catalogue, but "Didn't Puke," "Fuck You" and "Bonehead" are still pretty classic stuff. (Selfless, 2157 Pueblo, Garland, TX, 75040, USA)

My Pick Of the Month for November goes wholeheartedly to Tokyo's mighty **Teengenerate,** who have forever reserved hallowed space in this column. Their new EP *And Their Friends* contains four amazing songs featuring legendary northwest producer Conrad Uno singing the classic "Dirty Robber" (the closest to Gerry Rosalie I've heard yet), Scott McCaughey of the Young Fresh Fellows and REM singing the Lyres chestnut "What a Girl Can Do" and Seattle rock guru Joey Kline singing the Young Fresh Fellows' "Big House." Confusing it's not; phenomenal it is. Lastly, the Teens bring the record home with their own scorching "Don't Come Close to Me." It's all excellent rock'n'roll music. (Lucky, PO Box 4636, Seattle, WA, 98104, USA)

Also out this month from Teengenerate is the very hot *Savage!!!*, an eight-song EP that basically confirms their spot at the top of the independent-rockin' totem. It's pure, thrashing punk from these Japanese devil dogs in disguise and it flies non-stop. These guys have so much potential, it scares me. Watch for their new LP on Crypt, to be followed shortly by world domination.

If anyone ever wondered what happened to Mudhoney, they're alive and well in Los Angeles, playing under the name **The Bottom Feeders**! Just joshing, of course, but The Bottom Feeders' new ten inch EP *Spit Battle* proves that they are LA's answer to Seattle's sweet'n'solid ones. (Lead screamer Dave McConnell is a spot-on Mark Arm.) We here have four beer-sopped, shit-stained rock songs that all pound home that "don't fuck with us or we'll turn up the amps and kick your ass" feeling. Great highway driving music, though definitely not recommended for grid-lock traffic. (Hell Yeah!, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA, 91507, USA)

INDIE – ROCK
CHICKENHAWK!
ON SALE THIS MONTH:

This month we would like to make a special salute to Grant Lawrence. As many of you know, Grant is the talented singer of the internationally acclaimed Smugglers, and a regular contributor to these pages; offering his unique brand of honest, provocative, and ultimately positive journalism. Grant is also the boardroom genius of the Mint and Nardwuar organizations...his contribution to their global success is immense and invaluable.
We at Scratch would like to extend a sincere apology to Mr. Lawrence. He has been the undeserving victim of about five too many cruel and juvenile pranks. Grant Lawrence is a fine and upstanding individual of unparalleled integrity; although we harboured no malicious intent, the damage has been done. Grant Lawrence, not only are we sorry, we'd like to thank you for years of good will and dedication in making Vancouver the happening place it is. Hats off!

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Shindig

Ah, Shindig. I love this time of year, for even without hockey or any other significant athletic event to warp our minds away from anything relevant, this institution goes on, and once a week, adequately makes up for sports' sorry loss. Who cares about ugly, over-paid, primadonnas when you can rock your heart out to Vancouver's best up-and-coming bands? I'm glad to get a glimpse at groups that I've neither heard nor seen, and that's what it's all about. That, and the healthy spirit of competition that pits one band against another in a fight to the dea...okay, to the prizes. Sadly, history dictates that some of the best bands to make their mark at Shindig are done in by that *legendary* curse, but stay tuned on that one 'til we get to the finals....

September 20, 1994: The competition got off to another late start with **Beat Up Trudy** hitting the stage 45 minutes later than scheduled (well, it was still about 15 minutes earlier than last year's start time). Before I go on, I should preface what I'm about to say by confessing that I like Pearl Jam and Jane's Addiction. However, I'm not generally a fan of bands that are obviously influenced by these bands, and sadly, Beat Up Trudy was just such a band. These guys tried and did indeed put in a solid performance, but I'm afraid their songs were too often too repetitive and dragged on for too long, proving ultimatey to be the band's weakest point. The vocals were also notably weak and generally sounded quite hoarse. All I can say is, keep at it - practice makes Eddie Vedder [no, super-intelligent monkeys made Eddie Vedder - ed.).

Next up was the evening's the eventual winner, **Underwater Sunshine**. Damn but the vocals and the harmonies were well done here. Taking the poppier aspects of the Grapes of Wrath or Matthew Sweet, they were the best band on this night. Their songs were strong and engaging with a few real standouts and, as if this wasn't enough, they were concise! Short songs and a short set work perfectly in an environment like Shindig, and Uderwater Sunshine made good use of this fact. The only negative thing I have to say about them is that perhaps originality wasn't their forte, as one could easily rattle off a dozen bands that they sounded like (see above for example), but still, they were very good at what they were doing.

The final band of the night was **Silverdrive**. Silverdrive had songs that were probably the most original sounding, albeit with a brooding 'British' sound (much like their name...hmmm), but that combined with the performance of the band, which paid attention to subtlties like dynamics, made for a fine combination. Unfortunately, equipment problems got the best of them - only ten or fifteen minutes into their set, one of the guitar players' amplifiers broke down and the band soon followed. This can be understandable, as a band like this seems to need its full sound to drive its songs, but compounding the problem for Silverdrive was their apparent surrender following the incident. They just gave up, and that's too bad, because even with vocals that were average at best on this night, they could have been surprise winners. Instead they wound up with a strong second place finish.

All in all, a worthwhile evening. It must have been, for I hardly thought about the looming NHL lockout.

Brian Weiser

September 27, 1994: Week Two of Shindig continued the trend established Week One of starting LATE. Still, tired and undaunted, this faithless, uh, faithful reviewer marched on to face the barrage of bands that make Shindig the event it is.

Trauf were first on tonight, and I anticipated their performance eagerly, if for nothing other than their name.

My exaltation was soon brought to a halt however, after actually hearing them. They played very well but were lacking what I see as being most important - good songs. Most of them were unbearably dull, CFOX kinds of tunes, but most weren't even that good. On a more positive note, I thought they utilized humour quite well - better than any other band at Shindig this year - with some tasteful lounge music tossed into the mix and also with one song called "Deliverance" which had a chorus that went something like, 'Squeeeeeeeel like a pig.' They were very good at what they were doing though, and I shouldn't get too far away from that point, but what they were doing with their songs did not appeal to my tastes.

Soon after Trauf finished, one could feel a strong stench of attitude waft from the stage of the Railway Club. **Cowardz** were on, and they wreaked of it. For sure they were the best band on the night, but maybe just a wee bit too cocky for my liking. They were deserving of their first place finish though, with songs that were aggressive, always melodic and just loose enough to give them a great sounding edge. This three piece could be potential Shindig finalist material, but I just hope they don't come off so much like, well, rock stars, at the Shindig semi-finals. Perhaps the one good thing to come from this is their stage presence, but it was too much and for too long (45 minutes!).

Next came **Cosmonaut**. They played an odd brand of noise that started off slowly but soon developed into something quite appealing. At first I didn't like them, but the more they played, the more I liked them, even at the relatively late hour that they played. Though they were somewhat reminiscent of King Missle for their use of talking over loud 'n' heavy music, I was impressed by their generally original sound. Cosmonaut finished second behind Cowardz, but this was not a negative comment on the band at all.

Tired and otherwise satisfied with my Shindig experience for this evening, I went home to wait for next weeks' festivities....

Brian Weiser

October 4, 1994: As a fresh import from Winnipeg, I decided that the best way to see Vancouver's up-and-coming rock icons was to check out CiTR's Shindig '94. Boy did I hit the nail on the head - with the exception of the lamest 'Jokes for Beers' contest I've ever seen (maybe 'Jokes for Being Skittish and Easily Frightened of Small Crowds' would've been more like it). The evening was a slumber party and sock hop all rolled into one.

Garliconspiracy was the first band to hit the stage and proved to be a fine opener. Besides having a puzzling name, Garliconspiracy had a radio friendly, vanilla-flavoured sound: Very tight and clean, sort of like a happy REM (circa '85) but without the catchy lyrics. A danceable and undeniably peppy crowd favourite.

The next band, **Free Radicals**, was quite the conundrum, playing a *Rawhide*-ish country tune done in the white trash spirit of New Duncan Imperials, followed by a 'learn how to change/let's make a difference' type of reggae song and then some sort of sea shanty featuring a bit of well-placed accordian accompaniment. What are we trying to say here boys? Don't get me wrong - I love variety just as much as the next patchquilt Canadian. However, my Folkarama passport is full and besides, bands should never be afraid to just play what they know. I think Free Radicals might have a future playing weddings and hockey socials.

Marmelade was the last and by far the moodiest band of the evening. Their stage was devoid of all light save for the glow of two potlights, one a smokey green and the other blood red. The band came on dressed to the nines in dark colours and proceeded to pout and wail through their plodding, wall-of-noise, naval gazing, my boy/girlfriend just dumped me songs. The crowd loved it, though...dead roses anyone?

Stayed tuned for further updates on Shindig '94 in next month's *DiSCORDER*, or better yet, peel yer butt off of that vinyl couch and come down to the Railway Club on any Tuesday night. C'mon, try it. Everyone's doing it. You'll be cool. You'll be one of us...Mooha ha ha ha ha ha ha!!!

Jacqui Touchette

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Something's brewing, something's in the air. Popular all-ages local indie faves are playing with a refurbished intensity around town, attendance is increasing, and the Vancouver scene could finally get some of the international recognition it deserves in coming months. This kitty cat is hyped...

Before I go on, I'd like to thank Kim Kinakin for his work in developing Vancouver Special into a information source for local music and fanzines over the past year and a half. Starting in this issue, the effervescent Trish Kelly will take full control of the 'zine helm with a new *Discorder* column, I Can Read, and Vancouver Special will focus entirely on the music scene.

Last month began on a sombre note with the passing of D.O.A.'s **Ken Montgomery** (a.k.a. **Dimwit**) in late September to an overdose of China White heroin. Dimwit drummed with Vancouver bands D.O.A., the Pointed Sticks, and the Modernettes during the '70s and '80s and was about to begin rehearsals with the Modernettes in preparation for a band retrospective on Zulu Records. Rest in peace.

Local heavy core rock'n'rollers **Strain**, **Brand New Unit**, and **Sparkmarker** are all in some way or another involved with the local straight-edge punk scene and have been fully supportive of the all-ages scene (and each other) for years. These bands are all rumoured to be topics of heavy discussion around the major label tables, and for excellent reasons....

...Strain are releasing a new 7" on Heartfirst records soon...

...the mighty Sparkmarker are blowing minds and eardrums all over town via their recently released *Products and Accessories*....

...all three bands, as well as the recently disbanded Stovebolt, have material on the upcoming Excursion records compilation...

Vancouver's original cuddlecore sensations, **cub**, recently returned from a five week North American tour. Highlights included three shows in Eastern Canada with Sebadoh and an appearance at the CMJ conference in New York (yes, Terry David Mulligan was there too). cub also toured down the Eastern States, through Texas, and played LA with the Muffs and Portland with the Softies and the Crabs. Mint Record's Bill Baker said the peppy threesome were "very well received (in the USA) for a band that's basically unheard of." cub's new CD, *Come Out, Come Out*, featuring cover art by Toronto's **Fiona Smyth** (*Exclaim, Snipehunt, The Girl Wants To*), will be in stores by January in CD and multi-coloured triple 7" vinyl formats. This album will capture the talents of new drummer Lisa G., who is "working out amazing - she's doing a great job," says Bill. In the meantime, there are rumours of another possible US tour exclusively with Sebadoh...

Speaking of Sebadoh, **Lou Barlow**'s Canadian-only, Mint Records exclusive release has gone into its second pressing due to overwhelming international demand. The 12 song CD/double 7", *Another Collection of Home Recordings*, features Lou, Bob Fay, Kathleen Bilus, a song by Joni Mitchell, and a Bryan Adams cover!

...cub's former drummer Valerie now plays with **Gaze**, a four-member lo-fi pop outfit who will soothe their way into your hearts...

The future of Victoria's **Bum** is currently up in the air. After a successful and well-received tour in Spain a few months back, the band decided to make the move to the mainland, with the exception of front man Rob Nesbitt, who stayed in the Geritol capital. The Smugglers' guitarist Nick Thomas rocked a huge Commodore crowd as a temporary lead at Bum's last show, but the long-term plans for the project are on hiatus for now.

The Smugglers are heading on the road mid-month down the west coast and along the southern States performing with the likes of Nine Pound Hammer, Sicko, Driptank and Man or Astroman? in anticipation for the first annual Rocket City Shake festival in Tuscaloosa, Alabama (similar to Garageshock in Bellingham).

Smoother-than-glass pop sensations **Pluto** recently wrapped up a ten song recording session with CBC's Todd Elvidge for David Wisdom's nationally-broadcast *Nightlines* and are scheduled to tour the west coast mid-month. Their 13-song CD, *Cool Way To Feel*, featuring remixes of their first two 7"s and a bunch of new material, will be available in February on Mint Records.

News on the Victoria front: **M-Blanket** recently returned from a hugely successful North American tour; **Black Kronstat** has reformed and are now fronted by a female singer... **Outright** and **Empty** both broke up and formed a hardcore straight-edge combo called **Rosa.** Feminist anarchist punk activists **Are You There God It's Me Margaret** changed their name to **Enflac**(?)...and plan to release a 7" in the new year...

North Vancouver's juvenile punk stars **dbs** are currently busy recording their 23-song CD at Profile Studios. *Tales From the Crib* will be available in time for the Christmas rush on Vancouver's new Nefer Records. Four 'industry types' run this label, headed by former CJSF promotions director Marzie Damien, who explains the operation is "youth-run - we target our own market" (all contributors are under 22 years young). Nefer Records also signed **Thrillsquad** (formerly Go Four 3), and two local hip-hop bands, the **Nitwitz** and **The Funk Bastards**, both currently in the studio preparing for the release of their own respective records. Both opened for De La Soul October 28. (Nefer Records - 600-1027 Davie Street, Vancouver, BC, V6E 4L2).

Speaking of hip-hop, homies from as far away as Regina and all down the West Coast will be in the house at UBC's SUB Ballroom November 11 & 12 for CiTR's fourth annual **DJ Soundwar**, featuring competition in DJ, MC, Dancer and Group categories. A street art showcase will be featured both nights. Last year's Soundwar was a huge success with the exception of a theft from the very radio station which gives a damn enough to throw down this serious shit for all y'all - CiTR. In fact, this year's event was close to not happening for this reason, but thanks to the efforts of organizers Brian Wieser, J Swing, Shazia Islam and Homa Ahmad, DJ Soundwar 94 is indeed chillin' in full effect. Keep the vibe alive with some good old fashioned respect, y'all...deadline for entries is November 4.

Winnipeg's **12 Eyes** will be in town recording more skatepunk influenced rawk at Profile Studios mid-month...

Oh yeah, the **Lux Theatre** was condemned early last month by the Fire Marshall, and the future of the old dear is currently up in the air. No more frat raves, pleeasse...

After a brief stint in town (long enough to grace the cover of this fine publication in August), Ottawa's **Wandering Lucy** has wandered once again to Olympia, Washington, where she is rumoured to be working with Calvin Johnson of K Records.

Wretched Ethyl are keeping busy between sessions with their own fanzine called *Ethyl Quarterly*. Issue #2 (October-December) is free and features stories on punk rock and science fiction, a reader section called "Dear Ethyl," info on "Ethyl at the Moment" and mail order goodies. The grrrl positive punkers will be hosting a video release party for the smash single "It Ain't Hard" at the Railway Club November 14. Maybe Terry David Mulligan will be there, too. (PO. Box 3507, Vancouver, BC, V6B 3Y4)

In the originality department, did you know that hometown punkers **Insult to Injury** are one of five North American bands of the same name? In a classic scenario of *big-fish-eat-little-fish*, Vancouver's I to I will be changing their name real soon-like as one of their imitators recently signed to corporate monster Sony Records. (Other local bands which have faced similar fates include Heatmiser, Horsey and Catherine Wheel, who were forced to change their names to Bushytails, Good Horsey and Slowburn, respectively, when other bands of the same name released material on larger labels.) Insult to Injury (Vancouver's own 'all-girl' I to I that is) recently returned from a successful North American tour and plan to release a record soon. They'll be playing with House of Commons and the Dunderheads November 19 at Crosstown Traffic.

Also on the 15th, Seattle's **Tattletale** (plus spoken word performances) will be playing at a secret location in town near you. Grrrls only, man.

Finally, five month old power popsters **Gob** played to an enthusiastic audience at the Railway Club last month as part of CiTR's battle of the bands, Shindig. You can check out their brand of fast, short, and sweet punky stylings (read young Bum or Green Day) on the 16th at the Anza Club, or contact Positive Records for more info. (Positive - 16357 94th Avenue, Surrey, BC, V4N 3C7)

In fact, lucky readers have a chance to get some Gob as part of a Vacouver Special giveaway - all ya gotta do is give some. Hork up the biggest mucous strain you can dredge up, seal it in a watertight container, then mail or bring your mighty specimen to: Be Careful With That Envelope, Room 233 - 6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1 on or before November 15. Entries will be judged on texture, weight, temperature and packaging, and the best three entries will receive a copy of Gob's new self-titled full length CD. On you mark, get set, blow!

DEMOS!

Gloriosa - *Prime Time Freak*
Used to be TAMI but now forge on as Gloriosa. Kind of like a melodic 54-40, although that could be used against them. I quite like the stuff they've sent in - this is their second three song tape and all six tunes have been strong. Keep up the good work, lads! (#4-1965 Commercial Drive, Vancouver BC, V5N 4A8) *DS*

Second Guessing - *The Beautiful Ugly*
Dreamy, ethereal little ditties, the kind that are good to fall asleep to. (That isn't bad. After all, sleep is, to quote Hillel Wright, "horizontal heaven.") Anyway, the Second Guessing project has been active for a few years now, and the mellow, subtle music on their cassettes (I count five, including this one) gets smoother and silkier every time. (3573 W 16th Avenue, Vancouver, BC, V6R 3C2) *DS*

Floragore - six song cassette
Now this is a really cool band. They sound like a hybrid of Sonic Youth, the Boredoms, the Gits, and a whole enough, however, they're ditched way up in bucolic Duncan, BC! Someone put them up so they can play in town! Hot on the Island scene. (Area 51, 163 Station Street, Duncan BC, V9L 3E4) *DS*

The Primrods - *We Are Army of Lovers!*
This tape is hot. Features all the tracks available on the Porn Star/ Sloth records' *Citizen Advocacy* ten-inch split with Wagbeard, plus a couple bonus tracks. SNFU/ Dayglo Abortions fans will dig this flavourful batch of tasty little ditties. (2523A 17th Avenue SW, Calgary, AB, T3E 0A2)

The Jaws of Life - *Goodbye*
Gary Scnepper churns out some well-crafted tunes, augmented by a distinctive vocal style that I swear sounds like he just snorted a huge blast of nitrous. "My Dead Body," "Perfect Match," "Bumping Uglies," "Run Into Your Arms," and "Goodbye" are gems, but most of the other ditties on this 11-song album are pretty good too. (no address available) *DS*

Micky Christ/Dementia/Outright
Victoria! Victoria! Shining stars of the Universe! Where's *Details* magazine? Doesn't *Spin* know? Migod. Lotsa fly punk bands emanating from the senior citizen capital of British Columbia. Micky Christ are veterans of the scene but their incisive lyrics are what grabbed me. Choice four song tape. Dementia (eight song tape) and Outright (five songs) up pretty good too - the latter is a straight-edge outfit with song titles like "Glowbug" and "Merlin" and the former sports a singer who sounds like he knows the meaning of the term 'Mercurochrome Enema.' All eager not to disappoint. (no address available) *DS*

Left of Center - *Speedbag*
Kind of punk, but not really. Kind of metal, but not really. Kind of fucked up...really. Cassette included a sticker and lyric sheet which made me glad I decided not to drop high school. (1725 Denman Street, Victoria, BC, V8R 1Y3)

Bickle - self titled
This tape confused the hell out of me. Why metalmongers from West Van would want to touch a candle to anything that remotely smells like Eddie Vedder's overbearing, tired wails is beyond me. (335 Moyne Drive, West Vancouver, BC, V7S 1J6)

Frayed Knots - self titled
A smoothed out version of Parachute Club (remember the cheesy-bouncy bass guitar slaps, wah wah guitars, and synthesized chorus lines?) Aimed a little too hard at the mainstream for my taste, but six songs worth your attention if you still sport leg warmers and appreciate well-packaged product. (PO Box 162-1472 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, BC, V5L 3X9)

Chronometer - self titled
My first listen to this four song tape reminded me of local guitar-heavy, Jesus Lizard inspired The Many, who have their own release on the Cargo subsidiary Bang On! Records. Chronometer have something to offer those who require a heavier dose of rock. (Milo Records, PO Box 2938, 349 W. Georgia, Vancouver, BC, V6B 3X4)

The Cowards - self titled
And the beat keeps rocking...the Cowards consist of members of Hugo, a group who seem to approach their music in a much more lighthearted fashion. This demo is fun to listen to, and each song is exactly three minutes long. (#101-1515 E Broadway, Vancouver, BC, V5N 3X2)

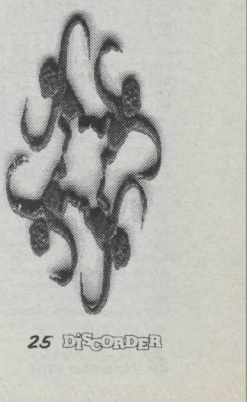
CDs!

Two Tonne Bowlers - *Mantifiluss*
Refreshing ska beats from a group of guys who know how to really go for it (and they're sharp dressers too). I'll bet the Ngoma/People Playing Music crowd will really dig the phat rhythm compositions on this hoppin' disc. The fresh eight-some have opened for Superconductor and The Smugglers in their hometown, Penticton. (no address available)

She Screams - *Out of Nowhere*
Buffalo Tom meets the Barenaked Ladies. Produced by Cecil English, this slab includes a punked out version of "When the Saints Come Marching In." Their press sheet speaks for itself: "She Screams certainly isn't another Vancouver grunge or punk band. They are too diverse for that." (no address)

ALL AGES SHOWS!

Oct 28: De La Soul, the Nitwitz & the Funk Bastards at the Plaza of Nations
Oct 29: Itch, Woo-Woos & guests at Crosstown Traffic
Nov 10: L7, the Melvins & Wool at the Commodore
Nov 11 & 12: DJ Sound War at UBC SUB Ballroom (6pm)
Nov 12: Tristan Psionic, Pluto & the Teamsters at Crosstown Traffic
Nov 15: Hole, Veruca Salt & Maggi Estep at the Commodore
Nov 15: Naked Aggression, M-Blanket and the Insipids at Crosstown Traffic
Nov 19: House of Commons, the Dunderheads & Insult to Injury at Crosstown Traffic
Nov 25: Dighdown, Dead Skin Mask, Pebble & Xrosax at the Southwall
Nov 25: Cadillac Tramps & Treble Charger at the Commodore



REAL LIVE ACTION

SLUDGE
STOVEBOLT
PEBBLE
PONYBOY
Southwall
Saturday, September 24

Southwall is a drag to get to (the big two buses and a Seabus), but it's a cosy little spot to watch awesome all-ages gigs and it's always worth the trip - and this one was no exception. Ponyboy opened the show an hour later than scheduled (especially annoying 'cause the poster said ON TIME) with an enthusiastic set of tasty morsels for our eager ears, followed by short intermission and then Pebble. I was going to skip Pebble and go out with a bunch of kids on a mission to buy bananas but I decided to stick around - good thing I did! Pebble played some catchy tunes that rolled right along and a couple of kids got up and started dancin' and rockin' to the punk beats. Impressive.

Stovebolt was next and they played a fantastic set that included such goodies as "Pinto" and "Gran Torin," both of which had the crowd joining in. Sadly, this was Stovebolt's last show. Another great local band bites the dust.

Most people left when Sludge came on but I stayed for some more entertainment. They were loud, I was tired, and I couldn't really hear the singer's voice so I didn't really pay much attention. Oh well, I left satisfied with the music I had heard that night.

Laura Mitchell

I DARE YOU TO GO TO THIS GIG JASON PRIESTLEY
Crosstown Traffic
Friday, September 30, 1994

The evening got to a start with the costume-clad dynamic duo of Thee Goblins taking the (lack of a) stage and showing everyone the real way to do "The Hammer" - a dance that requires the participants to bash each other about the brains with purple and yellow inflatable hammers while pounding on keyboards. After a few rockin' tunes from this drums/keyboard combo it was time to bring out the horns/guitar section of the band, thereby instantly transforming the band into The Skablins. For some reason the guitarist never made it onto the stage, but horns did. After two more songs their too-short set was, unfortunately, over.

I went outside between sets 'cuz it was crowded and hot as hell in the deli by day - Vegas showroom by night locale, but I made it back in time to see Penticton's Two Tonne Bowlers play some pretty cool Ska-ha music. The volume on the vocals was too low for me to hear the lyrics but they played some good, rockin' tunes. Their best song of the night was a fast punk number which turned into a medley of classic rock riffs that included G'N'R's "Sweet Child O' Mine." I, and a few others, couldn't resist the temptation to join the trombone player in making that horn-devil-sign-thingy and start punching the air, but I think it must have created some bad karma that I couldn't shake off 'cuz I missed out on the Bowlers' free CD handout that took place just after I left to go home.

Usually opening for such events as these, The Evaporators played the third set of the night, belting out their garage-rock classics like "Winnipeg 64'," "I'm Goin' to France," and "Welcome to My Castle." Nardwuar's crowd-swimming antics looked like they might take a dangerous turn at a few points but he managed to return to home base unharmed. It was nice to see this band doing something other than opening a gig 'cuz they rock way too hard to play first all the time.

Headlining the night was Olympia, WA's very own three-piece band, Karp, who kicked off their set with two excellent, heavy songs that impressed the hell outta me. They have a big 70's rock influence accompanied by loud, screaming vocals that make them one of the best bands I've heard lately. Even more than their music, the enthusiasm they had while performing made them great to watch. 50 bonus points for being so into what they're doing and another 25 points for the string-breaking feedback war and drum solo that ended their set.

As the curtain closed there was only unhappy silence from the crowd when they realized that the absence of their home-grown star, Jason Priestley, could only mean that he truly didn't love them anymore. This was an excellent night of diverse, all-ages rock 'n' roll fun and music that even ended in time to have a relaxed Coke at Denny's and still get home to catch some Z's.

Steve DiPasquale

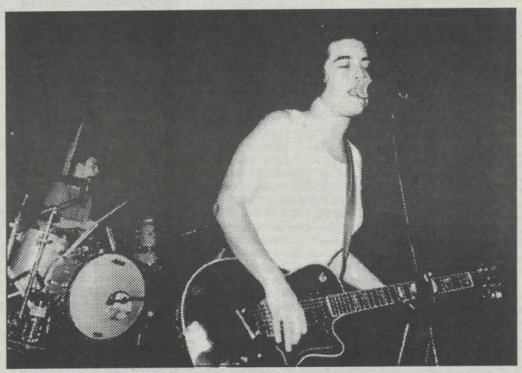
GREEN DAY
TERROR GRUPPE
Luxor (Cologne, Germany)
Monday, October 3

Well, sure enough, if it wasn't another rainy night here down by the river Rhine when I once again ventured to the big city. Green Day was on the roster and I have to admit that, in light of the recent Top 40 mania surrounding these California punks, I had doubts about attending the gig: I pictured it flooded by screaming Mariah Carey fans turned Green Day groupies for the week. What I found instead was a bunch of plaid-shirted, scruffy-haired German kids huddled in the freezing rain waiting to be let in to see their punk rock idols. Whoever came up with the tag "German efficiency" obviously never witnessed four doormen at the Luxor attempting to squeeze a thousand soggy skaters through a half-metre wide opening. This thinking would probably also lead one to expect Germans to be aware of such things as a maximum capacity laws or fire codes. HA! Not in this place! If there were such a thing as a "maximum capacity" for the Luxor it was reached and exceeded about ten fold that night. The place was so packed that there was not an inch of space where one's body was not fused with at least five others, except in the front doorway where they still insisted on letting people in one at a time. Eventually, the doormen noticed that the walls were beginning to bulge and decided to slap a sold out sticker on the hole in the wall and hope no one fell through.

It was then that we, the lucky ones who had made it inside, settled in our cosy surroundings to hear the first band, Terror Gruppe. Don't let the name throw you: These guys were no death-metal-glam rockers, they were pure punk. From the tippy top of the lead singer's coif and the drummer's mohawk right down to their in-your-face lyrics like "Ich bin ein Punk!" they ripped through one melodious punk tune after another, singing about such universal themes as losing your girlfriend, your stupid job with the stupid boss that you hate, the stupid army, and the stupid Nazis who live in your building. For a couple of the songs they even set up a ska beat before they tore it all to pieces with some quick guitar work. These guys were 100% DIY, old school punk. If Terror Gruppe lived in Bellingham, they would be on Estrus Records and their friendly cousins would be The Rip-offs. Terror Gruppe is the type of band that makes you never want to get old and become one of 'them,' just so you can keep rocking out with cool groups like this.

Green Day are also one of those bands that make you feel warm and punky all over. I'll admit, I was bitter about the fact that two years ago they had played at the Nappy Dugout for five bucks to a crowd of 20 die-hards and afterwards were scrounging around for someone to put them up for the night and now they were charging three times as much and a tour bus was waiting outside to take them back to some penthouse suite after the show. The inescapable fact was, however, laid bare right there on the stage in front of me: these guys are damn good. Surprisingly, Green Day didn't just play hits from their most recent chart-topper album *Dookie*, but rather offered up an even mix of old good stuff and new good stuff. And, more surprisingly, the crowd knew all the words to *every* song, even such ancient chants as "Bottom of the Barrel." It's not like the new sounds any different from the old, but that's o.k. because the essence of this concert was Green Day delivering the signature Green Day sound to make a bunch of nutty kids go even nuttier with excitement - after all, seeing that the music hasn't changed but that a new crowd has taken notice of something you knew was there all along is one thing that makes this whole instant fame thing a tad bit more palatable.

Stastna Kazi



Rebecca of the Spinanes tells them like it is at the Starfish Room. Photo by Tanya Nemchin.

SPINANES
FIFTH COLUMN
PLUTO
Starfish Room
October 13, 1994

Sometimes preconceptions can get the better of your mind. I had seen all three of these bands before at various times and I knew that I liked the Spinanes a lot, Pluto quite a bit, and Fifth Column not at all. Given this, it came as no surprise that my impressions of the three bands matched my expectations. But I am confident that my biases didn't overtake my senses: rather, my senses only confirmed my biases.

There couldn't have been a better choice of opener for this college rock bill than Pluto. Pluto *is* college rock, nowadays more than ever. I used to think that their affinity with Teenage Fanclub sometimes got the better of them, to the point where their 'filler' live tunes were much akin to those of the Fanclub (ie. boring), but now it seems that some of those fillers have been eliminated and replaced by better, newer songs. Either that or the band has improved to the point where almost all of their songs are enjoyable to listen to.

As the Starfish Room started to fill up it became apparent that a lot of people were there to see Fifth Column. I just don't quite understand the appeal of bands like this. They have worthwhile things to say and a decent stage presence, but their songs are so uninteresting that they leave you (well, me and some of the others in the audience) waiting impatiently for them to finish. I've never been a fan of many of the bands that are associated with the riot grrrl scene for this reason, and Fifth Column merely perpetuates my bias. Still, many in the ever growing crowd were focused on the band and enjoying them, though the impression I had was that these people were already fans - I know that the one person I was with who had also never heard them before was equally unimpressed with their 45 minute set.

12:30 came and so did the Spinanes. [Oh really!] It was interesting to see their return to the Starfish Room less than a year after they played here in support of their CD, *Manos*. While they've received much press in the time between, they haven't been dulled or otherwise negatively affected: they came off as charming and as musically entertaining as they were the last time.

The Spinanes are fantastic for a multitude of reasons, not the least of which is their ability to achieve a full sound with only a small drum kit, a lone electric guitar plated through a small amplifier, and one strong vocalist. If you've heard *Manos* you would have known what to expect, as they reproduced the songs from that release in virtually identical form, and with all the energy. I don't know what it is exactly that makes it worthwhile to go out to shows when bands are like this, but I would surely see them again. The 'aura' surrounding their music greatly appeals to me, just as I knew it would.

Brian Wieser

THE FALCONS
THE TONICS
Malcolm Lowry Room
Saturday, October 15

So there I was at the back of the Malcolm Lowry Room. The place looks like a really cosy place to see a band until you realize that you can't see the band when you're sitting down and if you stand or, god forbid, dance, you'll block someone else's view. Staying out of the way of drunk 'n' thirsty 'n' horny bangers is a main priority when visiting the MAC, but tonight wasn't so bad. There was a bit of room and hardly any bangers at all.

The Tonics (the Mary Janes up until last month) started quite promptly and played really well to a potentially unappreciative crowd. They managed to win 'em over for the most part - but then how could they go wrong performing rockin' renditions of the themes from The Littlest Hobo and Lorne Greene's New Wilderness? The addition of guitarist Scream (bassist for Zumpano) also helped; he filled out their sound well and played some freak-out rock 'n' roll guitar.

And then The Falcons came on...Now, I'm going to try to be objective here: I'm pretty sure The Falcons call themselves a surf band - and a rock 'n' roll band - but I ask you: Doesn't it defeat the purpose if a rock band doesn't *rock*? I mean sure, The Falcons played some pretty damn tight instrumnetal surf music at a fairly low volume, but for

Christ's sake, crank it up! It ain't a wedding! C'mon guys, shake it up - I don't give two shits if you just played eight songs and "Pipeline" was the only cover, just start ROCKING!

Maybe I'm just missing the whole point of the Falcons. Afterall, they were pretty old and maybe that's the way they want to play rock 'n' roll. But to me it's like kissing Mother Theresa: If you're gonna' do it, you might as well slip her some tongue. Know what I mean?

Grant Lawrence

MC 900 FT JESUS
CONSOLIDATED
Commodore
Wednesday, Oct. 19

Both these bands have gone through some changes; one has become exhilarating and the other has gone downhill in a big way.

First, the bad news. Consolidated did a lot of songs from their new album, *Business of Punishment*, and, well, they sucked. Adam and Mark picked up guitars and voila, became a bad guitar band. This made their old material, particularly one of my favourite Consolidated songs, "Typical Male (Thinks With His Dick)," sound all that much better. Mark has sprouted a stylin' bob and is now free and funny on stage, transforming Consolidated into a political version of the Beastie Boys. Maybe the other two members should grow their hair, too.

I had a sneaking suspicion that Mark Griffith (MC 900 Ft Jesus) was going to be good, but I was really surprised. His show was one of the best, if not THE best shows I've seen in many a moon.

Griffith has an eight piece band (including, of course, DJ Zero) and the addition of bass, keyboards and especially saxophone made Griffith's jazz leanings come to the fore. Even "Truth Is Out of Style" got punched up with the addition of some sax. Griffith writes some of the freshest lyrics going about urban alienation - it was amazing to see the crowd concentrating on the quieter songs and smiling at Griffith's poetry.

The feeling at the show was one of appreciation for Griffith and his band, who were tight and free flowing at the same time. They came back for two encores. One of them was a cover of a jazz standard (by Chet Baker, I believe, but the title escapes me), with Griffith on trumpet and punctuated by DJ Zero's scratching. (And then it seemed to mutate briefly into something that sounded suspiciously like "Atomic Dog.") A suitably clever ending to a whimsical performance.

June Scudeler

THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES
VOODOO GLOW SKULL
Richards on Richards
October 23, 1994

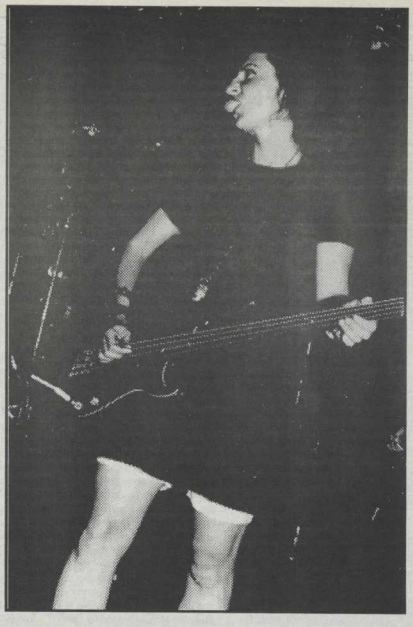
Dick's on Dicks will always be Dick's on Dicks. Even amongst the plaid, goatees and skater pups, this venue is very lame - the cheeze just seeps through like the bad aftertaste of last night's banana-strawberry daquiri.

Opening the show was Voodoo Glow Skull, a punk-ska ensemble from California. Despite several politically-incorrest songs, they got a few people to hit their bodies against one another.

When those energetic boys from the Mighty Mighty Bosstones hit the stage, the sluggish Sunday evening crowd began to show a pulse, grooving to the infectious vibe of the Bosstones' music. Before the encore, the band thanked us for ditching the free Cult gig at the Commodore and invited us to stage-dive, as frontman Froggy was getting bored up there. In the end, we couldn't help but think that a great show was wasted on a substandard venue and a lazy Sunday night.

Nicole Oguchi and Christy Armstong

Blowing her stack at the Starfish Room is Beverly of Fifth Column. Photo by Tanya Nemchin.



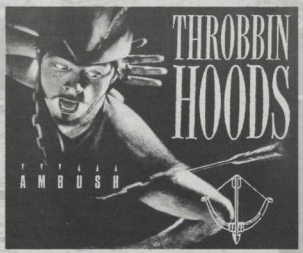
...from the country that brought you
Anne Murray, Loverboy, and Honeymoon Suite...

THE SATANATRAS

"EIGHT ATE HATE"

THROBBIN HOODS

"AMBUSH"



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Random Killing, Mundane, and those lovely "On The Road" compilations!

RAW ENERGY

RAW ENERGY RECORDS (416) 508-0209

UNDER REVIEW

KREVISS
Retrospective
(Tosk 8-Tracks)
Even though this band broke up many months ago, the legend of Kreviss lives long and furious with the release of this collection of recordings from live shows and the studio. Now before I go on I'm sure I'm going to have to explain something to the people who either don't know or have forgotten about the magical format that is 8-Track. It seems like every time I mention anything to do with 8-Track people look at me as if to say: 'Don't you have a CD player!?' Or they make some comment like: 'Oh yeah, I remember my grandparents made us listen to all of their gospel 8-Tracks before Christmas dinner back in '74!' Well let me be the one to inform you that rock'n'roll 8-Track is alive in the world. Even in this city it rages on with the newly created Tosk 8-Tracks label from North Vancouver putting out 8-Track releases by local rock'n'roll bands steadily for about a year now (get them at Scratch). So kids, go to your local pawn shop or garage sale and pick one up for yourself, and you can be the first kid on your block to openly admit that those aren't your parents' Carpenters albums blaring endlessly from your bedroom window or from your newly installed stereo 8-Track player in your car, they're yours.

With that out of the way let me proceed. Kreviss was a mostly female band with a line up of anywhere from five to ten members, most of them hammering on their guitars in a drunken stupor and wailing about the many different reasons why boys are lame. This is guitar rock in its truest and most obscene form. Hit songs include "Pop Song" and "Unveiled." Most of the songs on this are previously unreleased and also included is the 7" they put out and a very shitty recording of some live stuff. A must have if there are any hardcore Kreviss fans out there. It even comes vacuum-sealed for perfect sonic protection.

So, do what I do. Slam in that 8-Track, hit the programme button until you find a great song, and then you and your 8-Track can rock on all night long.

Colllin Knight

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Pulp Fiction Soundtrack
(MCA)
Like Donny & Marie, the *Pulp Fiction Soundtrack* is a little bit country and a little bit rock'n'roll. Unlike most other soundtracks, it successfully captures the atmosphere of the film and makes the thrilling frenzy that is *Pulp Fiction* available anywhere there's a music machine. Surf instrumentals (by the likes of Dick Dale and the Tornadoes) are interspersed with C&W classics (the Statler Bros' timeless *Flowers on the Wall*), soul scorchers (*Son of a Preacher Man* belted out by Dusty Springfield), disco jams (Kool and the Gang's ultra-funky *Jungle Boogie*), and bits of the grooviest dialogue ever to shimmy off the screen. The only thing missing from this CD are the main characters' stylin' do's. I dare you not to dance.

Tania Bolskaya

MICHELLE SHOCKED
Kind Hearted Woman
(Probably made by herself in the kitchen of her trailer park home, melting the vinyl in a cast-iron skillet over a rusty Coleman stove)
A mid-wife whose delivery fails. A mother who survives her only child. A homesteader who can't get her harvest in on time. These are some of the subjects who populate America's small agrarian communities. On her latest release, *Kind Hearted Woman*, Michelle Shocked chronicles the hardships of these women whose voices have been muted or forgotten in American mythology. Shocked's previous endeavours have demonstrated a dedicated respect for history, tradition, and folklore and this disc again removes any doubt that she may be simply trying to find a new subject ripe for artistic exploitation. Romanticism is eschewed in favour of a bleak, desolate approach that better reflects the reality of life in these communities where existence is so completely dependent on the arbitrary benevolence of nature and death is no stranger. Most of the songs feature simply Shocked with her guitar (only one has any percussion accompaniment). Her voice sounds cold, stark, and lost but is strong and has an immediacy that makes the songs seem very personal.

Kind Hearted Woman is a disc for patient, listening fans only. There are no upbeat, uplifting numbers that duplicate "Come A Long Way" from her last release, *Arkansas Traveller*.

While Shocked's refusal to put a pop gloss on her serious efforts is a rare and admirable trait in today's musical landscape, overpopulated as it is by vapid, overproduced female singer/songwriters, her commitment to her artistic vision has left her without a major record company distribution deal. Therefore, to quote the long defunct K-Tel formula, "This album is not available in stores." The only helpful hint we can offer is the following address you can write to in the hopes that they will send you more information:
Michelle Shocked
Strawberry Jam Tours, Inc.
409 N. Pacific Coast Hwy #484
Redondo Beach, CA 90277

Biff Paradise

BAD RELIGION
Stranger Than Fiction
(Atlantic)
Containing all of the essential elements of a Bad Religion record, *Stranger Than Fiction* hearkens back to what many would consider Bad Religion's 'golden age,' when they produced their classic albums *Suffer* and *No Control*. This may be Bad Religion's best offering to date.

Sonically, the Andy Wallace (Nirvana, Rollins Band, Slayer, Sepultura, etc.) mixing and production puts *Stranger Than Fiction* miles ahead of their previous albums. The sound is large, full and clear with an obvious effort aimed at reproducing their furious live sound.

While the classic sounds of Bad Religion are ever present here, it is songs like "Infected," "Slumber," and "Stranger Than Fiction" that show quite clearly what direction Bad Religion could be headed in the future. The redone version of "21st Century (Digital Boy)" brings things back around full circle.

The title track should prove to be a huge hit with commercial radio it is simply a great, well written song probably the best of the bunch. Will this song be able to propel Bad Religion to the heights of former label mates the Offspring? Wait and see...

Eric FYH

SILKWORM
Libertine
(Elrecordo)
The Afghan Whigs last effort was a cup of Earl Grey tea compared to this Silkworm endeavour. *Libertine* is a bleak record, containing 46 minutes of heartbreak, loss, and pain. In typical Silkworm fashion, a web of dissonant and at times harrowing music is spun whilst a barrage of tortured lyrics draw the listener deeper and deeper into the band's melancholy. *Libertine* is noisy but mostly slow to mid-tempo. A few songs - "Cotton Girl," "The Cigarette Lighters," and "Couldn't You Wait?" - rock, but the centrepiece of the album is "Yen + Janet Forever." It sounds as though Silkworm are fighting their instruments all the way to the climax of the song and as for the lyric, "I'm sorry that it rained all night/The letters your sisters wore were strung too tight," I don't know what it means, but it sounds very cool. The record's strongest suits are the sparse yet heavy-sounding production (what drum sound!) and most importantly, the sound of a band giving it's collective all.

Sean Harvey

PILOT
Pilot EP
(Tim Kerr Records)
Hailing from Portland, Oregon, Pilot is the latest project of ex-Dharma Bum's vocalist Jeremy Wilson. The three tunes on this EP ("Another Day Has Begun," "The Blue," and "Fork for a Tongue") are not a drastic departure from the Dharma Bums' material; in fact, one would be hard-pressed to tell the difference between the two bands given Wilson's distinctive voice. All in all, simple, melodic, and harmless.

Fred derF

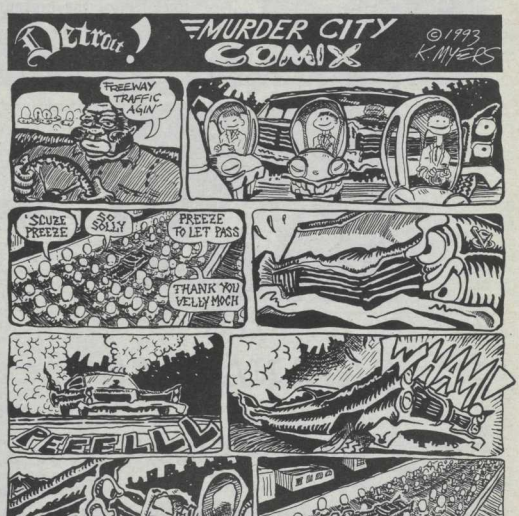
TINDERSTICKS
Tindersticks
(This Way Up)
THE DIVINE COMEDY
Promenade
(Setanta)
One afternoon I dropped by a dear little friend of mine's place and he was blaring something that reminded me vaguely of Nick Cave. The singer had a voice that was a cross between Cave and The The's Matt Johnson; since then, my mom has rightly added Roger Whitaker to the list. It was thus that I was introduced to Nottingham, England's Tindersticks.

I dutifully trotted out and bought the bands' self-titled debut, quickly falling in love with the band's orchestral perversity. I came across an article about them in Britain's *Select* magazine and discovered they had opened for Nick Cave in Europe last year (that Nick guy has impeccable taste).

"Tyed," the second track on *Tinderstick*, sounds like the interior of a jazz club - uneasy and claustrophobic with sudden bursts of guitar and a strange, out of tune trumpet plus vocalist Stuart Staples lazily murmuring about drops of blood. Delicious. "Whiskey & Water," a song about star-crossed lovers, has the same smoky feel with some cutting violin work by Bernard Butler (Suede) lookalike Dickon Hinchcliffe. If Tindersticks sound a bit too precious, there is a bit of (deliberate) kitsch in all this tragedy. Cheesy keyboards have been known to creep in and with song titles like "Jism" and "Paco de Renaldo's Dream," you know things aren't quite as tragic as they seem. A compelling debut that has been aptly described as being playful AND morose.

A tip of the hat to *Select* magazine for their review of The Divine Comedy's *Promenade*. Aptly compared to Michael Nyman doing pop music and the best of Peter Greenaway's *The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover* soundtrack, this is a gem that would do nicely on a tape with Tindersticks on the B-side. There are some similiarities - the sense of kitsch for instance - but on *Promenade* there isn't an electric guitar in sight. This is all the more remarkable considering its unhip baroqueness. This ain't no lo-fi!

For now, The Divine Comedy is Derry-born songwriter Neil Hannon, plus violins, violas, cello, oboe and saxophone. Hannon (who is only in his early twenties) has on this album a deep, ironic voice and, as on *Tindersticks*, things never get too precious because Hannon is a smart aleck. On my favourite track, "The Booklovers," Hannon recites writer's names over a lilting melody. The end result is both moving and completely silly



at the same time. Every author gets an appropriate aside after their name: Bret Easton Ellis gets a bloodcurdling scream, Mary Wollstonecraft is "vindicated," and Umberto Eco receives an "I don't understand it." Hannon is even cool enough to name one of my fave scribes, Scotland's Iain Banks. "When the Lights Go Out All Over Europe" is a tribute to European movie making, again with a less than serious chorus: "When the lights go out all over Europe / I forget all about old Hollywood / 'cause Doris Day could never make me cheer up / quite the way those French girls could."

What really amazes me about The Divine Comedy is that Hannon's debut album was guitar rock and the second, *Liberation*, is a precursor to *Promenade*, except for the presence of guitars and a parody of a europop song on it. Who knows what brought about this progression. I have a sneaking suspicion that Neil Hannon could be some kind of genius.

Neil Tennant, who was a member of that despised underclass known as music journalist before he created The Pet Shop Boys, once wrote that great music makes you feel happy and sad simultaneously. These two releases fulfill that criteria amply.

June Schudler

ENGINE KID/ICEBURN
split CD
(Revelation Records)

While it is of course every artist's right to create whatever pleases themselves, this split CD is something that will appeal to only a very small audience and may be perceived as self-indulgent. engine kid and Iceburn do not create music for the masses.

Iceburn prove themselves to be more than adept at handling their instruments with their hardcore/jazz fusion peice "Danses," an improvisation on the theme of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du printemps* that is nothing short of truly amazing. Unfortunately, while the musicianship is spectacular and the arrangements are mind blowing, the song drags on and on without ever really coming to a boil.

engine kid, on the other hand, come in packing a much louder and harder punch but are also brought down by overlong songs that never quite grab one's attention.

Both of these bands deserve a tip of the hat for their ground-breaking efforts and unyielding integrity and sincerity—it's just unfortunate that their true brilliance is buried so deeply on this tedious and tiring release.

Eric FYH

GLAZED BABY
Handgun
(N/A)

This four song EP is short and heavy. It's not a whimpy, cheesy "hit the yellow pedal" sort of heavy but a big low end Chigagobini type growl that originates at the bottom of your bowels and ends up all over the place when you press play. Glazed Baby were even more amazing when I saw them live this summer. There the rhythmic and sonic diversity of the percussion was not lost as it is on this disc. Nevertheless, *Handgun* is an intense album that leaves the room buzzing even after it has finished playing.

Martin Gamache

ROY LONEY AND THE LONG SHOTS
Full Grown Head
(Shake Records)

For those of you who are not as brilliant as myself, Roy Loney was one of the original members of the Flamin' Groovies, a band he helped form in the mid-sixties (who went on to be the Rolling Stones that DIDN'T make it). They made some great records for a few decades, though Roy departed early on. Before he left, he contributed on such Groovies' classics as "Teenage Head" and "Slow Death." Roy and the Groovies influenced a whole generation of rockers; everybody covers their tunes and a few bands have even named themselves after their song titles (Toronto's Teenage Head and Japan's Supersnazz). Roy has remained relatively active on the independent scene since departing from the Groovies and is this time backed by the Long Shots—none other that Seattle's Young Fresh Fellows (minus one Kurt Bloch, add one Joey Kline). With the versatile Fellows, Loney's vital signs are strong, on old hits like "Slow Death" (the first time he's recorded it since the original version) and busting at the seams in great rock'n'roll romps like "Fool Proof" and "Neo Mondo." There's the classic Groovies feel with "Been Around Too Long" and "Full Grown Head," some good garage-punk in "See Jane Go" and "Teeny Weeny Man," plus a possible mass hit with a can't-miss rock'n'roll tune about society's biggest frustration - the busy signal - in "Get Off the Phone." I've never seen Loney live but he's been described as Dudley Moore meets Mick Jagger. If the energy on this album is any indication, a Long Shots show could be one hell of an event. Until I get that chance, the thirteen blasters on this album will do me just fine.

Grant Lawrence

ORBITAL
Snivilisation
(FFRR)

On *Snivilisation*, Orbital's third album, the group mixes a little hardcore with trance and ambient to produce a mellow album with an interesting edge. This is not an album to groove to though; *Snivilisation* is more suited to chillin' to when you want to forget about the world or just fall asleep. Think of it as a techno version of Enigma.

Alistair Savage

LIZ PHAIR
Whip-Smart
(Matador/Atlantic)

If the lyrical content of *Whip-Smart* is any indication, Liz Phair seems to be a much happier person since her *Exile in Guyville* days. She has a lot of things to be pleased with and her confidence shows: every song is well-produced, catchy, and intelligent and the album makes for a satisfying listen. If you are a fan of *Exile*, be warned: this album lacks the introspectiveness, sparseness, and intimacy that made Phair's frosh debut so endearing and captivating.

Brad Wood (Shrimpboat member and Chicago's Idful Studios guy) again joins Phair as her rhythm section and producer. One difference between *Whip-Smart* (an adjective that could easily be used for the artist) and her previous release is that instead of Phair accompanying her own voice with overdubs, Wood sings most of the back-up. This change creates less of a 'Liz' feel, more of a 'band' feel and what lacks in voice overdubs is made up for with guitar tracks extraordinaire! *Whip-Smart*'s first single, "Supernova," despite the use of that big ol' bad word that Phair loves to sing, is destined to Top every 40 chart. Good for Phair. Bad for anyone who cringes at the sound of wankin' guitars gone wild.

These songs sound more nostalgic, more pop-oriented, and much more accessible than her previous work. It is obvious that Liz Phair, a woman with a lot of talent, has intentionally created the Album for Everyone which most semi-underground artists end up doing eventually. This usually results in snubbing their so-called fans who liked them before they were popular. Let's face it, kids: this album is different. You may or may not care. I'm sure Liz Phair doesn't, because *Whip-Smart* has H-I-T written all over it. Now a *Rolling Stone* darling and a major label superstar, Phair can ride on whatever wave she wants.

miko hoffman

PUNCHBUGGY
All Nite Christian Rollerskate
(En Guard)

Proving that not all good melodic guitar pop comes from the west coast, Ottawa's Punchbuggy have released their debut disc *All Nite Christian Rollerskate*. Crammed with everything from straight-up, crunchy punk rock tunes to smoother pop numbers like "Signal" and "Goggles Pizano" to a rough romp through Pat Benatar's "Hit Me With Your Best Shot" that spells disaster from the get-go, this is another notch in the En Guard belt. A solid release from Punchbuggy. Yeeha!

Bryce Dunn

GIANT SAND
Glum
(Imago)

Glum is an extremely dynamic release; one second you're straining to hear a barely audible acoustic section that features traditional instrumentation (including dobros, pianos, and fiddles) and the next you're blasted by biting guitars. Co-produced by Malcolm Burn (Blue Rodeo, but any resemblance to over-rated country bands is purely coincidental), the album has a very natural, live feel to it and share a kinship with many of Neil Young's albums. Along with guests like Victoria Williams and Lisa Germano, Giant Sand leads you down a meandering path of raw, country-oriented songs from the straightforward "Yer Ropes," to the classic Hank Williams Sr. tune "I'm So Lonesome I could Cry." A solid release from this Arizona quartet - just don't expect a bunch of polished three-minute hits.

Fred derF

PALACE BROTHERS
Palace Brothers
(Drag City)

"Everything except country." A typical answer to that question, "What kind of music do you like?" It's time to come out from your rock-and-roll-I-only-listen-to-Green-Day-and-the-Breeders-shell. This Palace Brothers album is a short and sweet collection of incredibly melodic, brooding, humourous tunes.

"Nighttime's the right time to pull all the dimes from your pocket / Nighttime's the right time to climb on a rocket / Nighttime's the right time to pull your shoulder out of its socket / Nighttime's the right time to learn a new language."

For those of you who have experienced the Palace sound before on the band's first full-length, *There Is No One What Will Take Care Of You*, let it be known that . The Palace Brothers have joined Drag City labelmates Smog, the Silver Jews, and Royal Trux in lo-fi heaven. Improbably, this album is even more pared down with one lonely voice sings atop quiet guitar strummings broken by the occasional bout of thunder.

"When you have no one, no one can hurt you / In the corners there is life that is good for you / Will you miss me when I burn, and will you eye me with a longing / It is longing that I feel to be missed for, to be real."

Picture Sentridoh or Billy Callahan singing in a southern, crackly voice, not only about depression and despair, but also about your favourite farm animal.

"I send my love to you. . . won't you send some back to me . . . The moon is falling, my wounds are calling, my head is bleeding and I'm a duck / The lake is cracking, it hears me quacking . . ."

Makes you wish it were raining, and you were walking outside without an umbrella. This is indie "rock" at its best.

miko hoffman

PIZZICATO FIVE
Five x Five
(Matador)

Pizzicato Five is one of the hottest groups in Japan, and has only now come over to North America by way of this five track CD, *Five x Five*, which is a pitifully small sampling of the group's work. Visitors to Japan say that the youth culture there is only where North America was 20 year ago, in terms of dress and music, and Pizzicato Five falls into this category. The opening is a vibrant drum beat with an insane trumpet followed by the first song "Baby Love Child," which is sweet and fresh (as in refreshing), if somewhat inane. Some of it may be blamed on the Japanese to English translation. The next track is an interview with the lead singer Nomiya Maki that also has a solid drum beat. The interview, although informative and sometimes interesting, drags on for way too long and has you reaching for the stop button. The next song, titled "Twiggy Twiggy/ Twiggy vs. James Bond," shows the group's fascination with the American seventies, and includes samples that sound like they were taken straight out of a James Bond movie or a Nancy Sinatra song. It's the most danceable track on the CD and proves that with bands like Pizzicato Five or Ministry, you don't have to understand the lyrics to enjoy the song. The last song, although containing some interesting samples of traditional Asian music and old movie soundtracks, is as lame as its title, "Me, Japanese Boy." Nonetheless, let's hope that they decide to release more of their work in the future.

Thomas Wong

Lag Wagon
Trashed
Face To Face
Don't Turn Away
Strung Out
Another Day In Paradise
(Fat Wreck Chords)

These are just three of the latest releases from the upstart hardcore/punk rock label, Fat Wreck Chords. Now that Epitaph has become somewhat more 'high profile' thanks to the success of the Offspring's latest, *Smash*, Fat just could be the new punk label to watch for.

Lag Wagon and Strung Out are the newest of these three releases, while Face To Face's *Don't Turn Away* is a re-release of that '91 album, originally put out by Dr. Strange Records.

Strung Out, Lag Wagon, and Face To Face all play up-tempo melodic pop-punk, all three seemingly owing much to their label's founder, Fat Mike, and his band NOFX. That's not to say that they sound just like NOFX, but the similarities are both apparent and obvious—polished guitar work, tight and quick start/stops, a strong sense of melody, and top notch production. With Lag Wagon and Stung Out's recordings being done at Westbeach (scene of the crime in many Epitaph's recordings) this does nothing more than make those similarities even more striking.

Though the three bands play in a similar vein, Lag Wagon turn things up a few notches - cranking out rapid fire technical riffs and adding an almost metallic 'crunch' to their sound. *Trashed* is serious high adrenaline fun, and Lag Wagon's take on Van Morrison's "Brown Eyed Girl" is nothing short of truly amazing.

Face To Face, on the other hand, are surely the most melodic of the three; and while they tend to keep things hovering around mid-tempo, every once in a while they'll pick up the pace and launch into a high velocity punk rock blast. Don't turn away - sit down, strap in and prepare for takeoff!

It seems as if Strung Out have come out of virtually nowhere, but their debut *Another Day In Paradise* would have you think otherwise: It more than proves that they are a band that is well worthy of any praise which will surely come their way. *Another Day In Paradise* is a fun-filled half-hour of infectious harmonies backed by solid drumming and precise riffage. Strung Out are definitely a band to keep your eye on.

Finally, it is more than certain that these three are bound to be a huge hit with the baggy clothes, snow/skate crowd - and if you've been lucky to hear even just one of these bands and liked them, chances are that you will enjoy any of the others. Lag Wagon, Face To Face, and Strung Out are young, fresh, and vital. Have the Offspring been overplayed? Bored with Bad Religion and need something new? Hey! Clear the track - make way for the new guard! Check these guys out!

Eric FYH

Shellac
At Action Park
(N/A)

This is by far my fall record of choice. Other than the complex and attractive packaging that all Shellac releases have possessed so far, the early release date of the vinyl format of *At Action Park* should have convinced you to get this on vinyl. Steve Albini's new super group pushes that Big Black/Rapeman sound further by simplifying it and giving it a new life, creating somewhat of a streamlined, barer, but more intense Big Black with a 'real' drummer. Above average production expected and delivered courtesy of J. Loder and I. Burgess. Thank you.

Martin Gamache

CHARTS

november 94 LONG VINYL 50

1	liz phair	whip-smart	matador/atlantic
2	bum	i am superwoman	augogo
3	ween	chocolate and cheese	warner
4	bad religion	stranger than fiction	atlantic
5	butterglory	crumble	merge
6	cop shoot cop	release	interscope/atlantic
7	various artists	rock stars kill	kill rock stars
8	various artists	if i were a carpenter	a & m
9	the gloo girls	attention shoppers	celluloid
10	frontline assembly	millenium	roadrunner
11	orb	pommes fritz	island
12	les secretaires volantes	meconium	en garde
13	consolidated	business of punishment	london
14	various artists	pulp fiction soundtrack	mca
15	uzume taiko ensemble	in your dreams	oo zoo may
16	ani difranco	out of range	righteous babe
17	stereolab	mars audiac quintet	elektra
18	eric's trip	forever again	sub pop
19	wool	box set	london
20	various artists	jabberjaw	mammoth
21	sugar	file under easy listening	ryko
22	the flaming lips	providing needles . . .	warner
23	palace brothers	palace	drag city
24	the rheostatics	introducing happiness	sire/warner
25	jale	dreamcake	sub pop
26	oasis	definitely maybe	creation
27	thinking fellers union	strangers from the universe	matador
28	daniel johnston	fun	atlantic
29	luscious jackson	natural ingredients grand	royal
30	pansy division	deflowered	lookout
31	L7	hungry for stink	slash
32	mr. right & mr. wrong	1 down & 2 to go	wrong
33	killing joke	millenium 12"	zoo
34	ivy	lately	seed
35	mc 900 ft jesus	one step ahead	american
36	swat	deep inside a cop's mind	amph. reptile
37	unwound	new plastic ideas	kill rock stars
38	arrested development	ease my mind 12"	chrysalis
39	free kitten	unboxed	pearl necklace
40	rancid	let's go	epitaph
41	king cobb steelie	project twinkle	lunamoth
42	love & rockets	hot trip to heaven	american
43	the grifters	crappin' you negative	shangri-la
44	orbital	diversions	ffrr/polygram
45	sebadoh	bakesale	sub pop
46	noise unit	strategy of violence	cleopatra
47	weezer	weezer	geffen
48	common sense	i used to love her	relativity
49	beck	one foot i n the grave	k
50	delerium	semantic spaces	nettwerk

november 94 SHORT VINYL 35

1	bunnygrunt	standing hampton 7"	no life
2	gob	gob ep	positive
3	bif naked	4 songs & a poem	plum
4	phranc	bulldagger swagger 7"	kill rock stars
5	broken girl	dog love part II	sappy
6	team dresch	love confessions 7"	kill rock stars
7	super friendz	by request 7"	murder
8	pizzicato five	five by five ep	matador
9	redd kross	visionary ep	polygram
10	velocity girl	your silent face 7"	sub pop
11	belly	moon ep	sire
12	lazy	you and me 7"	roadtrip
13	various artists	jabberjaw 7"s	mammoth
14	strawberry/plumtree	split 7"	cin.toast
15	mukilteo fairies	special rites 7"	kill rock stars
16	gaunt	jim motherfucker 7"	interscope/atlantic
17	pest	philosophically dyslexic 7"	harriet
18	the peechees	cup of glory 7"	kill rock stars
19	spider babies	hey baby 7"	haunted house
20	pansy division	jack u off 7"	empty
21	the breeders	saints ep	polygram
22	various artists	youth on fire 7"	candy-ass
23	jawbox	calling card ep	atlantic
24	mex. pow. auth.ñ to i	split 7"	break even
25	built to spill	joyride 7"	k
26	cords	american woman 7"	fuel
27	ten days late	getaway 7"	klark
28	hot toasters	fish and doctor 7"	drag city
29	bagpipe operation	67 melody lane 7"	harriet
30	red number nine	mary 7"	farmhouse
31	nfa	paying hell . . .	disques nim
32	dub narcotic	disco plate 7"	k
33	the drovers	kill mice elf ep	tantrum
34	smog	a hit 7"	drag city
35	the blue shadows	rockin' ep	sony

november 94 INDIE HOME JOBS

1	the mysterons	inferno
2	squeeky	not all daisies
3	plump	first gig
4	tickle trunk	no means no
5	meet daisy	eliot's shape
6	lashback	big dump
7	speedbuggy	i am your friend
8	stovebolt	dead fucker
9	groverfur	i like you
10	velveteens	fence
11	the bushytails	hot rod ronny
12	hjoulie	pi
13	green achers	indiana road
14	pet	sugar
15	the mckrackins	willikilligan
16	tattle tale	a girl's toolbox
17	impalor	i'd cross the fjords for you
18	waterfall	undertakin' my breath away
19	the flu	disappear
20	gaze	seamonkey's pie

MONKEYS

1	king kong	king kong	film
2	curious george	curious george	literature
3	bubbles	michael jackson	pet
4	magilla gorilla	hanna barbara	tv
5	bonzo	betime for bonzo	film
6	cornelius	planet of the apes	film
7	donkey kong	donkey kong	video game
8	cheetah	tarzan	film/literature
9	mickey dolenz	the monkees	tv
10	che guevera	bolivia	dead geurilla

FLEX YOUR HEAD

1	bad religion	stranger than fiction	atlantic
2	farside	rigged	revelation
3	machine head	burn my eyes	roadrunner
4	madball	set it off	roadrunner
5	samiam	clumsy	atlantic
6	16	wash me/texas tunnel	bacteria sour
7	sparkmarker	products and accessories	final notice
8	strung out	another day in paradise	fat wreck chords
9	unbroken	life.love.regret.	new age
10	various	sunday matinee	another planet

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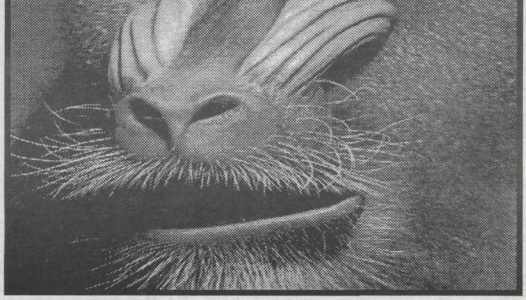

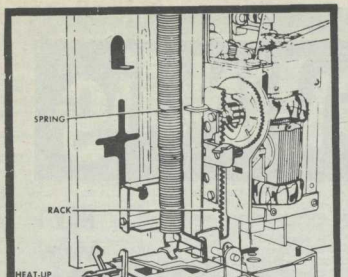

ON THE DIAL

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. Most broadcasting shuns art for incestuous market-music. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open. Hosted by Paul Steenhuisen and Ian Crutchley

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae in ra all styles and fashion. Mike Cherry and Peter Williams alternate as hosts.

SOUL CHURCH 3:00-5:00 PM Alternating Sundays with Brent Argo. Vancouver's only program devoted entirely to African-Canadian and African-American Gospel music. Your host, Vince Yeh.

HEATHER'S SHOW 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities. This show has everything except a name. Any suggestions?

LULU'S BACK IN TOWN 8:00-9:00PM No cotton or even a cotton poly blend. Vinnie Carpelli and Sonny Prince bring you one hour of pure tightpants, ball hugging, crooning POLYESTER!

GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali is a one-hour radio show which features a wide range of music from India. This includes classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's, Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, Folk Songs, etc. Hosted by J. Dhar, A. Patel and V. Ranjan.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-12:00AM Join host Dave Emory and colleague Nip Tuck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KFJC (Los Altos, California).

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:00AM-4AM Drop yer gear and stay up late. Nakedradio for nake people. Get bent. Love Dave.

MONDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Wake up with all the news, sports and weather you need. Plus what's happening at UBC each day with UBC Digest, a feature interview and more. With the **BBC World Service News** at 6:00-7:05am, live from London, England.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in an excitingly luscious blend of aural delights! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special.

THE STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00 AM-1:00 PM With your hosts the Gourd of Ignorance and Don the Wanderer. What will we play today? Rog will put it away.

MEKANIKAL OBJEKT NOIZE 1:00-3:00PM CiTR's industrial/noise/ambient show, alternating with **SKINTIGHT BUFFOONERY** - wimpy British pop, Beastie Boys, indie guitar swing, and techno thrown in for good measure. Hit your olfactory nerve centre with jane_scudeler@mindlink.bc.ca.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00-4:00PM I endeavour to feature dead air, verbal flatulence (only when I speak), a work of music by a twentieth-century composer—can you say minimalist?—and whatever else appeals to me. Fag and dyke positive. Mail in your requests, because I am not a human-answering machine. Got a quarter then call someone who cares.

FEMININE HY-JINX 4:00-5:00PM For women who sometimes don't feel fresh, but always get fresh. Spoken word and music: light to heavy flow. Maximum protection recommended for male listeners. Holy Hannah! It's a Feminist show.

THE CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM For more interesting dinner guests join Princess Andrea and her team: Jedi Knight Neil, Leanna Skywalker, and Gran Moff Ian (#57). We bring you the Force of the news, dark side and all. With the **BBC World Service News @** 5-5:05pm

FLAMING CATERPILLAR SHOW 6:00-7:00PM Paris Green explores world-beat music with Captain Kirk, Spock and occasional celebrities.

THE PEAKING CANUCK 7:00-9:00PM If you are **suffering** an identity crisis you may want to tune into this show more than once. Your host Bob Willerton chronicles Canada in 20th Century sound every second week.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

Nov. 7: "Out of the Cool" is featured tonight. A classic by bandleader/composer/pianist Gil Evans - a modern masterpiece.

Nov. 14: "The 'Coltrane' of the vibraharp", Walt Dickerson, the much overlooked genius from a very rare record, "Relativity".

Nov. 21: Tonight we celebrate the birthday of the "Father of the Tenor Saxophone" Coleman Hawkins by playing a great album made in 1962 called "Today and Now".

Nov. 28: Jamaican-born trumpeter Dizzy Reece ends the month with his album called "Star-Bright" with pianist Wynton Kelly and tenorist Hank Mobley.

SCREAMING INCONSISTENCIES 12:00-4:00AM The ultimate contrast. Screwing you over with nostalgia, then bringing you back to what you might call reality. We do poetry, too.

TUESDAYS

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 8:30-11:00AM That's right, bub! Punk-pop, surf-slop, and lots more trash for yer can. Tune in to me, Bryce D., for all the crud that's got class every Tuesday morning. Yowza!

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:00-3:00PM Country music to scrape the cowshit off your boots to. With yer host-poke Jeff Gray.

MARTYTLER MOORE SHOW 3:00-5:00PM Women in music and grrls in music; two hours of info and rawk. Ya don't need a penis to be a musical Genius! Coral and Trish.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Meat the unhard where the unheard and the hordes of hardly herd are heard, courtesy of host and demo director Dale Sawyer. Herd up!

RITMO LATINO 9:00-10:00PM Get on board Vancouver's only tropical fiesta express with your loco hosts Wendi, Rolando, and Mateo as they shake it and wiggle it to the latest in Salsa, Merengue, Cumbia and other fiery fiesta favourites. Latin music so hot it'll give you a tan! ¡RADIO BABROSA!

WOLF AT THE DOOR 10:00PM-12:00AM Alternating Tuesdays with Straight Outta Jullundhar. Live readings and the latest in techno bizzarro with host Lupus Yonderboy.

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:00PM-12:00 AM Let DJ's Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhangra! "Chakkh de phutay". Listen to all our favorite Punjabi tunes - remixes and originals. Brraaaah!

AURAL TENTACLES MIDNITE - VERY LATE Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous to your health. Listener discretion is advised. The music, news and 2:00 WWOD hosted by Pierre may not be suitable for the entire family.

WEDNESDAYS

LOVE SUCKS 1:15-3:00PM Tune in for the musical catharsis that is Love Sucks. If you can't make sense of it, at least you can dance to it!

SCOOTER TRASH 3:00-5:00PM We wanna be free to do what we wanna do . . . we wanna be free to ride our machines without being hassled by the man!

ESOTERIK 6:00-7:30PM (es'o-ter-ik), adj., understood by, or intended for, only a select number of disciples; secret; mysterious.

AND SOMETIMES WHY 7:30-9:00PM it's raining, it's pouring, the indie rock gods are roaring. Sometimes Queasy Utilities Eat Empty Kites Yuck!

POPGUN 10:00PM-12:00AM Yourhost Justin Love rocks you into Thursday with the smoothest selection of pop found ANYWHERE on the dial. Dig?

THURSDAYS

RADIO FREE WOMEN 10:00-11:30AM Going boldly where no man has gone before! We interview happenin' women! We yack! We spin tunes! Hosted by Anna and Deb.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:00-1:00PM Toques, plaids, backbacon, beer, igloos and beavers. Eat your lunch every Thursday with Skyler.

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby.

SUGARLUMP 2:00-3:00PM The abstemious paul j. lump frolicks amongst sugar coated daisies whilst the spiders enjoy their lolly pop.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM
——HARD——————ERIC——
——ERIC——————CORE——

YOUR DREAM VACATION 5:30-6:00PM If you move in your groove and notion to motion, if a backpack's your thing than here's what you do: Thursdays at supper time in to this show.

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

OLD SCHOOL ROCK & ROLL 7:30-9:00PM Roots of Rock 'n' Roll - If you don't get into Rock 'n' Roll Heaven don't blame me!

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10.

Nov. 3: Uneven Steps
Nov. 10: Agent R.C.M.P.
Nov. 24: Crankshaft
Dec. 1: Spiritual Heroine

RADIO TRANSUBSTANTIATION YEA!! - Alternating with TFIL 11:00-1AM Straight from the mean streets, Ethan Meyer, Dylan Rymer, and mixmaster Kaptain Nero straddle and masssage your eardrums with non-stop horror. Inject and learn something!

TALES FROM THE INFINITE LIVINGROOM - Alternating with RTY 11:00-1AM Chris Pariah explores the Metanoid states and psycho-sonic scapes of The Infinite Livingroom, that Nth dimensional space between perplexed consciousness and profound absurdity.

FRIDAYS

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN 8:30-10:00AM Greg here. Join me in the love den for a cocktail. We'll hear retro stuff, groovy jazz, and thicker stuff too. See you here . . . and bring some ice. XOXX

LITTLE TWIN STARS Alt. with lo-fi 1-2:30 PM Strap on your vinyl Go Go boots for an intergalactic ride to the stars. Hello Kitty!

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM Cleo? Cleo! Cleo!

THE CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM Do you want us to make you a Saber Tooth Tiger? Half an hour of unbeatable news coverage plus our weekly wrap up.

NATION 2 NATION 6:00-9:00PM Underground sound system-style mastermix radio.

FOR THE RECORD 6:30-6:45PM Excerpts from Dave Emory's *Radio Free America* Series.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM The original live mixed dance program in Vancouver. Hosted by DJ Noah, the main focus of the show is techno, but also includes some trance, acid, tribal, etc... Guest DJ's, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more are part of the flavor of homebass.

LIMP SINK 12:00AM-Morning
Nov. 4: The Friendly Catapuller Show
Nov. 11: The Doctor Killdare Show
Nov. 18: The Friendly Caterpuller Show
Nov. 28: The Doctor Killdare Show

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Now in its 10th year on the air, The Edge on Folk features music you won't hear anywhere else, studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, ticket giveaways, etc., plus ***World Cup Report*** at 11:30 AM. 8-9 AM: African/World roots. 9-12 noon: Celtic music and feature performances.

POWERCHORD 12:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

THE AFRICAN SHOW 3:00-5:00PM It's a music thing from all Africa. It's an awareness thing of self and others. It's an African house party. Stories, music, dance fun. Welcome! Your hosts: Umerah and Mawele.

THE SHOW 6:00-8:00PM Strictly Hip Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl With your hosts Craig G., Mr. Checka & J Swing on the 1 & 2's.

THE BIG STOMP 9:00-10:00PM Killing ugly radio with one easy step.

GROOVE JUMPING 10:00PM-1:00AM Terry, Wozzle, Jeff, Warren. Who will it be? Who knows? Who cares? Brocks! Go figure.

SOMETHING 1:00-4:00AM I am not a long long time before I hear another love song.

	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
8								8
9	are you serious music?	Breakfast with the Browns	third time's the charm	Music of a hole	compact disco	Venus Flytrap's Love Den	the SATURDAY EDGE	9
10				DIGITAL ALARM CHRONOMETER	Radio Free WOMEN	I Bee Normal		10
11		the STUPID RADIO SHOW	helen's hut			NEW SHOW		11
12	NEWS			THE YACHT CLUB	CANADIAN LUNCH	*****	NEWS	12
1	ROCKERS SHOW	MECHANIKAL OBJECT NOIZE	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	love sucks	S&M	lo fi little twin stars ******	POWER CHORD	1
2					sugarlump			2
3		Meat-Eating Vegan	Mary Tyler Moore Show			hmmmm		3
4	BRENT ARGO/ Soul Church	Feminine Hy-jinx		scooter trash	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARDWUAR/ noiz	AFRICAN SHOW	4
5	Black & Tan	THE CITR DINNER REPORT		REFLECTIONS			Poetry Show	5
6	Heather's Show	Flaming Caterpillar	Awara House	ESOTERIK	Out For Kicks	NATION 2 NATION	THE SHOW (hiphop)	6
7		THE PEAKING CANUCK/ hip hop kabit	UNHEARD MUSIC					7
8	Lulu's Back in Town			and sometimes why	OLD SCHOOL ROCK & ROLL		JEFFORAVE	8
9	GEETANJALI		RITMO LATINO	AFRICAN VARIETY	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL		shports	9
10	ONE STEP BEYOND/ RADIO FREE AMERICA	THE JAZZ SHOW	WOLF AT THE DOOR/ Strob Gotta Jallandar	POPGUN		HOME BASS	GROOVE JUMPING	10
11					RADIO T.Y./ TALES FROM THE INFINITE LIVINGROOM			11
12	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	SCREAMING INCON-SISTENCIES	AURAL TENTACLES	THEORY.RFA		Limp Sink		12
1					lowest common denominator		SOMETHING	1
2								2
3								3
4								4

NEW SHTUFF THIS MONTH:
NEW SHOWS Say hellooo! to Ron, of Lowest Common Denominator, fillin' in for a while Thurs. at 1am till whenever! Also, Cocktails with Daryl and Suzi is now NATION 2 NATION
SCHEDULE CHANGES: Say bye bye to Summer of Hate! Norman's Kitchen is now SCOOTER TRASH!

WHOM & HOW

ARTS — Hanan Elmasu
BOARD CHAIR — Harry Kertscheg
BUSINESS MANAGER — Shazia Islam
CURRENT AFFAIRS — Andrea Spence
DEMOS/CASSETTES — DaleSawyer
ENGINEER — Richard Anderson
ENTERTAINMENT — Mike Walkey
LIBRARIAN — Vince Yeh
MOBILE SOUND — Nick Levens
MUSIC — Megan Mallett
PRESIDENT — Brian Wieser
PRODUCTION — Ryan Ogg
PROGRAMMING — Miko Hoffman
PROMOTIONS — Andy Bonfield
SECRETARY — Selena Harrington
SPORTS — Colin Pereira
STATION MANAGER — Linda Scholten
TRAFFIC — Fern Webb
VICE PRESIDENT — Sean Baggett
VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR — John Szakin
RESIDENT SERVIETTE — NARDWUAR

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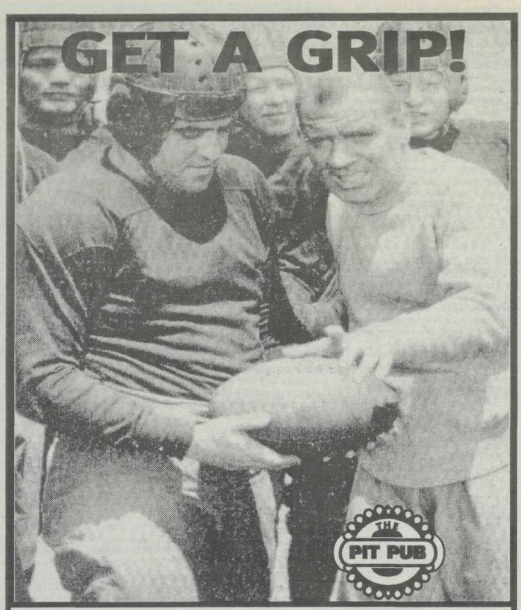

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NOVEMBER 3rd
PHILOSOPHY KINGS
with
FORD PIER & THE DROMEDARIES
NOVEMBER 10th
SILLY RABBIT
with
DDT and BIG GULP
NOVEMBER 17th
HAPPY MAN
with
SPIRIT MERCHANTS
NOVEMBER 24th
KNOCKDOWN GINGER
with
TEXTURE

BANDS START @ 9:30

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SHiNDiG

ZESTY!
CITR 101.9
DRINKS
WOW!

NOV 1
Meow
The Phew
TBA

NOV 8
The Insipids
The Dendrons
Spiritual Heroine

NOV 15
Bushytails
Down Corporation
Muscle Bitches

NOV 22
Underwater Sunshine
The Cowardz
Marmalade

NOV 29
Groverfur
The Papillomas
TBA

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FRI 28 All Demons Night w/Facepuller, Neptune Telescope & the Concubines at Station Street...De La Soul w/Source of Labour, Lop Sided, Junk Bastards & the Nitwitz at the Plaza of Nations...Hard Rock Miners at the Railway...Luka Bloom at the Starfish...Attila the Stockbroker & T. Crane at the PITT Gallery...Friday Folk at Koerner's (no cover)...Martin Carthy & Dave Swarbrick at the W.I.S. E. Hall (8:30pm)...The Star Catalogues at the Russian Hall...Strains at Station Street (8pm)...alternative Dance Night at Graceland...Gospel Night at St. Andrew's Wesley Church...Atlantis w/DJs Markie-Mark, Garth, Carlos, T-Bone, Quest, Mario & Kipp at Pier 48, Seattle (206 292 1478)...Psycho (7pm) & The Exorcist (9:30pm) at the UBC SUBTHEATRE...

SAT 29 itch, WooWoos & guests at Crosstown Traffic (all ages)...Black Diamond (Kiss tribute!) at the Vogue...Pond w/ the Wheat Chiefs & Ten Days Late at the Starfish...Black Cat Bone at the New York Theatre...Bill Bourne & Shannon Johnson at the W.I.S.E. Hall (8:30pm)...Hard Rock Miners at the Railway..Gilby Clarke (from Guns N' Roses!) at the Town Pump...The Star Catalogues at the Russian Hall...Strains at Station Street (8pm)...Midnight Shift w/DJs T-Bone, Ursula & Dickey Doo at District Coffee...Noah's Ark w/ DJ Noah (techno) & Guest...Little Shop of Horrors w/DJs Ursula, T-Bone, Dickey Doo & Quest at 940 Richards (689 7734)...Jazz Yo Azz w/DJs Clarence & Luis at the Anza...Hallow's Eve w/DJs T-Bone, Dickey Doo, Czech & Quik Fix (893 0203)...Psycho (7pm), The Exorcist (9:30pm) & The Rocky Horror Picture Show (midnight) at the UBC SUBTHEATRE...Caligula (uncut) midnight at the Plaza Theatre...

SUN 30 The Allman Brothers at the Queen E...New Sci-Fi Horror at the Railway...Gawa Gyani at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (7pm)...Psycho (7pm) & The Exorcist (9:30pm) at the UBC Cinema...

MON 31 Barenaked Ladies at the Queen E...Alternative Halloween (D.O.A. w/Art Bergman & the Payolas) at the Commodore...Carnival Halloween Event at the Ashé Gallery (154 W Hastings)...Halloween Bash at the Railway..free Tai Chi at the UBC Grad Centre (12:45pm)...Zoo Boogaloo at the Starfish...Peterbilt & the Things at the Malcolm Lowry Room (NO COVER)...The Rocky Horror Picture Show at The Plaza Theatre...

TUE 1 CiTR PRESENTS SHINDIG FEATURING MEOW, THE PHEW & TBA AT THE RAILWAY CLUB...Barenaked Ladies at the Q.E. Theatre...Sara Craig w/ Rick Colburne & Hard Poetry at the Town Pump...Gail Bowen & Friends at the V.E.C.C. (proceeds to AIDS Vancouver)...Daryl Jahnke & Jerry Legar at the Alma St. Cafe...Delerium at Studio J (8pm)..Hagood Hardy Trio at the Massey Theatre...The Upstairs at First Street Studio...

WED 2 Fishbone w/Weapon of Choice at the Commodore....Rita Chiarelli at the Railway Club...Bug, Bonesaw & Stickmonkey at the Hungry Eye...The Philosopher Kings at Richards on Richards...Steve Maddock & Miles Black at the Alma St. Cafe...Kitaro at the Orpheum..Vinyl w/ DJs T-Bone & Dickey Doo at the Starfish...Suck w/DJ Czech at Luvafair...Wonderland w/DJs Lace & Little T at MaRS...Delerium at Studio J (8pm)...Slacker(7pm) & Naked (9.30pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE..happy birthday k.d. lang (b. 1961)...

THU 3 SUB-SONIC THURSDAYS FEATURING THE PHILOSOPHER KINGS & FORD PIER AND THE DROMEDARIES AT THE PIT PUB (no cover)...Everclear w/Pluto & Pet at the Starfish...Coco Love Alcorn at the Malcolm Lowery Room...Deadline at the Town Pump...Terror of Tiny Town at the Railway Club...Fear of Drinking with Murray Toal & friends at the W.I.S.E. Hall...Tony Wilson's Flowers for Albert at The Glass Slipper...Delerium at Studio J (8pm)...Tinga Tinga w/DJs Flyte & Friendly Planet at the Twilight Zone...Michael Snow & Jack Vorvis (5.30pm) at the Western Front...Slacker (7pm) & Naked (9.30pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...

FRI 4 Corrosion of Conformity at the Town Pump...Ray Condo at the Malcolm Lowery Room...Grames Bros., People Playing Music at the Commodore...The Blue Shadows at the Railway Club...Jim Nolet Trio (9pm) Paul Plimley & François Houle (12am) at the Glass Slipper...Delerium at Studio J (8pm)...Hauser/Leimgruber/Hammett-Vaughan (5.30pm) at the Western Front...Ranch Romance at the WISE Hall...Corrina, Corrina (7pm) & Speed (9.30pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...Caligula (uncut) midnight at the Plaza Theatre...

SAT 5 All Ages Sneak Preview of Spike & Mike's Sick and Twisted Animation Festival at the Ridge Theatre (4.30pm)...Alpha Diallo & Bafing w/Nigaia at the Starfish...Bughouse 5 and Wandering Lucy record release party at the Malcolm Lowery Room..."On The Weill Side" (9pm) Stellar Saxophone Quartet (12am) at the Glass Slipper...The Blue Shadows at the Railway Club...Docs Rock Benefit for The Children's Wish Foundation at the Commodore...Glenn Horiuchi's Shamisen Trio (5.30pm) at the Western Front...54:40 at the Breakers...Delerium at Studio J (7:30pm)...Midnight Shift w/DJs T-Bone, Ursula & Dickey-Doo at District Coffee...Corrina,Corrina (7pm) & Speed (9.30pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...Caligula (uncut) midnight at the Plaza Theatre...

SUN 6 Ween at the Starfish Room...Tarnation at the Hungry Eye...Screen (5.30pm) at the Western Front...Lee Pui Ming Ensemble at the V.E.C.C....Romanovsky & Philips with Dos Fallopia at the Starlight Theatre...Delerium at Studio J (2pm-half price-closing night!)...Corrina Corrina (7pm) & Speed (9.30pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...

MON 7 Zoo Boogaloo w/DJs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish...cheap date night at the Hollywood...Greyhound Tragedy at the Railway Club...Author Caroline Adderson at the Bob Prittie Metrotown Library in Burnaby...happy birthday Joni Mitchell (b. 1943)...

TUE 8 CiTR PRESENTS SHINDIG FEATURING THE INSIPIDS, THE DENDRONS, & SPIRITUAL HEROINE AT THE RAILWAY CLUB...Jabber & guests at the Starfish Room.....Author Caroline Adderson at the New Westminster Public Library...

WED 9 Murder Museum at the Railway Club...Suck w/DJ Czech at Luvafair...Wonderland w/DJs Lace & Little T at MaRS...Vinyl w/DJs T-Bone & Dickey Doo at the Starfish...For Better, For Worse at the Pacific Theatre...Fanny & Alexander (7pm) & Weekend (9.30pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...

THU 10 SUB-SONIC THURSDAYS FEATURING SILLY RABBIT, D.D.T., & BIG GULP AT THE PIT PUB (no cover)...L7, The Melvins & Wool at the Commodore (ALL AGES)...Tankhog w/Nine Pound Hammer at the Starfish Room...Mudlarks and Insomniacs at the Malcolm Lowery Room...Murder Museum at the Railway Club...Bjorn Again (Abba Tribute!) at Dicks on Dicks...Lowry Olafson & Susan Crowe at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...Endangered Tibet at the Vogue Theatre...Tinga Tinga w/DJs Flyte & Friendly Planet at the Twilight Zone (progressive house)...Fanny & Alexander (7pm) & Weekend (9.30pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...

FRI 11 CiTR PRESENTS DJ SOUNDWAR IV (6pm) at the SUB BALLROOM (ALL AGES!)....Dinosaur Jr., Come, & Juned at the Commodore...Babe Gurr and Marc Coulombe at teh Malcolm Lowery Room...Rumplesteelskin w/guests at the Starfish Room...Memphis Slax at the Railway Club...Jann Arden at the Vogue Theatre...Sandy Scofield & the V.E.C.C....John Roberts & Tony Barnard at the WISE Hall....Lesbian Remeberance Day Reading, Dorothy Season & Jana Williams at Black Sheep Books, 8pm...Kimbo Umbra presents308 VOLTS, Voltnic's 300th Birthday Party with T. Crane, A Splendid Day For An Auto-da-fe, and Late Night Cabaret at Studio 16....Schindler's List (8pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...Caligula (uncut) midnight at the Plaza Theatre...

SAT 12 CiTR PRESENTS DJ SOUNDWAR IV (6pm) at the SUB BALLROOM (ALL AGES!)...Thrillsquad & gaze at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Tristan Psionic and Pluto at Crosstown Traffic...Wretched Ethyl at Station Street...Preedy Johnston at the Starfish Room (early show)...Memphis Slax at the Railway Club...DDT w/Silly Rabbit at the Starfish (late show)...Midnight Shift w/DJs T-Bone, Ursula & Dickey Doo at District Coffee...Tempest at the WISE Hall...Schindler's List (8pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...Caligula (uncut) midnight at the Plaza Theatre...happy birthday Neil Young (b.1945)...

SUN 13 Rediscover Carmen with Lloyd Samartino benefit for Street Children Literacy at the Vogue Theatre...Schindler's List (8pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...

MON 14 Wretched Ethyl video release party at the Railway Club...Zoo Boogaloo w/DJs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish...cheap date night at the Hollywood Theatre...

TUE 15 CiTR PRESENTS SHINDIG FEATURING BUSHYTAILS, DOWN CORPORATION & THE MUSCLE BITCHES AT THE RAILWAY CLUB....Hole, Veruca Salt & Maggi Estep at the Commodore. ALL AGES...CiTR PRESENTS THE WEDDING PRESENT w/ guests at the Town Pump...Naked Aggression w/M-Blanket & the Insipids at Crosstown Traffic (all ages)..Poet Amos Oz at the Norman Rothstein Theatre...

WED 16 Jeff Buckley w/ Brenda Kahn at The Starfish Room (early show)...The Mudlarks at the Railway Club...Gob at the Anza Club...Vinyl w/ DJs T-Bone & Dickey Doo at the Starfish (late show)...Wonderland w/DJs Lace & Little T at MaRS...Suck w/DJ Czech at Luvafair...Father's House at the Burnaby South Secondary School Theatre...Eraserhead (7pm) & Elephant Man (9.30pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...

THU 17 SUB-SONIC THURSDAYS FEATURING THE SPIRIT MERCHANTS AND HAPPY MAN AT THE PIT PUB (no cover)...Colourrific at the Malcolm Lowery Room...Deep Julia at the Railway Club...Tinga Tinga w/DJs Flyte & Friendly Planet at the Twilight Zone (progressive house)....Father's House at the Burnaby South Secondary School Theatre....Eraserhead (7pm) & Elephant Man (9.30pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...

FRI 18 Torture King (formerly of the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow) at the Ashé Gallery (154 W Hastings)...I Mother Earth w/ Black eye Buddha at the Commodore...The Minstrels at the Malcolm Lowery Room...Lisa Germano & Pale Saints at the Town Pump...Happy Man at the Railway Club..Father's House at the Burnaby South Secondary School Theatre...Barcelona (7pm) & True Lies (9.30pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...happy birthday Margaret Atwood. (b. 1939)...

SAT 19 House of Commons w/The Dunderheads & Insult to Injury at Crosstown Traffic (all ages)...Frente w/guests at the Starfish Room...Happy Man at the Railway Club...Connie Kaldor w/Mark Perry at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre(8pm)...Midnight Shift w/DJs T-Bone, Ursula & Dickey Doo at District Coffee...Father's House at the Burnaby South Secondary School Theatre...Barcelona (7pm) & True Lies (9.30pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...Caligula (uncut) midnight at the Plaza Theatre...

SUN 20 Paul Kelley at the Starfish Room...Connie Kaldor w/Mark Perry at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (2pm & 8pm)...Bernie Senensky/Gary Bartz Quartet at the Glass Slipper...Barcelona (7pm) & True Lies (9.30pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...

MON 21 Children's Writers and Illustrators of B.C.Inspiration Night at the V.E.C.C. ...Zoo BoogaLoo w/DJs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish...When Irish Eyes Are Smiling - An evening with David Foster & Brian Mulroney at the Nappy Dugout...

TUE 22 CiTR PRESENTS SHINDIG ROUND ONE SEMIFINALS FEATURING UNDERWATER SUNSHINE, THE COWARDS AND MARMALADE AT THE RAILWAY CLUB...The Pretenders at the Commodore...

WED 23 The Pretenders at the Commodore....Jabber & the Hazel Motes at the Railway Club...Wonderland w/DJs Lace & Little T at MaRS...Vinyl w/ DJs T-Bone & Dickey Doo at the Starfish...Suck w/DJ Czech at Luvafair...

THU 24 SUB-SONIC THURSDAYS AT THE PIT PUB WITH TEXTURE AND KNOCK DOWN GINGER (no cover)...Shawn Colvin w/ guests at the Commodore...Herald Nix at the Railway Club...Tinga Tinga w/DJs Flyte & Friendly Planet at the Twilight Zone (progressive house)...listen to Canadian Lunch today 11:30am-1pm on CiTR 101.9FM...

FRI 25 Dighdown, Dead Skin Mask, Xrosax, & Pebble at the Southwall (all ages)...Cadillac Tramps w/Treble Charger at the Commodore (all ages)...Blue Rodeo at the Commodore...Freeplay at the Glass Slipper..Herald Nix at the Railway Club....Fresh (7pm) & Natural Born Killers (9.30pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...Caligula (uncut) midnight at the Plaza Theatre...

SAT 26 Cadillac Tramps w/Treble Charger at the Commodore...Herald Nix at the Railway Club...Midnight Shift w/DJs T-Bone, Ursula & Dickey Doo at District Coffee.... Judith Marcuse Dance Co. present States of Grace at the Norman Rothstein Theatre...Fresh (7pm) & Natural Born Killers (9.30pm) at UBC SUBTHEATRE...Caligula (uncut) midnight at the Plaza Theatre...

SUN 27 Lost Tribe, Medeski, Martin & Wood at the Starfish Room...Inti-Illimani at the Vogue Theatre...Judith Marcuse Dance Co. present States of Grace at the Norman Rothstein Theatre...Fresh (2pm) & Natural Born Killers (9.30pm) at tha UBC SUBTHEATRE...

MON 28 Zoo Boogaloo w/DJs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish...cheap date night at the Hollywood Theatre...

TUE 29 CiTR PRESENTS SHINDIG ROUND TWO SEMIFINALS FEATURING GROVERTUR, THE PAPILLOMAS & TBA AT THE RAILWAY CLUB...

WED 30 Suck w/DJ Czech at Luvmyhair...Vinyl w/ DJs T-Bone & Dickey Doo at the Starfish...Wonderland w/DJs Lace & Little T at MaRS...DJ Mariachi (7pm) & Chronos (9.30pm) at the UBC SUBTHEATRE...The Lost Dakotas at the Railway Club...

VENUESVENUESVENUESVENUESVENUESVENUESVENUES

Alma Street Cafe 2505 Alma (at Broadway)	222 2244
Anza Club 3 W 8th (Mount Pleasant)	876 7128
Arts Hotline	684 2787
@ Gallery 110 W Hastings (downtown)	685 0509
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island)	687 1354
Cafe Deux Soleil 2096 Commercial (the Drive)	254 1195
Cafe Vieux Montreal 317 E Broadway (Mount Pleasant)	873 1331
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall)	683 6099
Celebrities 1022 Davie (West End)	689 3180
CNImax Theatre 999 Canada Place (downtown)	682 4629
Commodore Ballroom 870 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 7838
Crosstown Traffic 316 W Hastings (downtown)	
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman (West End)	683 2201
District Coffee 1035 Mainland (Yaletown)	687 0032
Firehall Arts Centre 280 E Cordova (at Main)	689 0926
Glass Slipper 2714 Prince Edward (Mount Pleasant)	877 0066
Graceland 1250 Richards (downtown)	688 2648
Hastings Community Centre 2096 E Hastings (East Van)	255 2606
Hemp B.C. 324 W Hastings (downtown)	681 4620
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W Broadway (Kitsilano)	738 3211
Hungry Eye 23 W Cordova (Gastown)	688 5351
Koerner's Pub Gate 4 (UBC)	822 0999
La Quena 1111 Commercial Drive (the Drive)	251 6626
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour (downtown)	685 3288
Lux Theatre 57 E Hastings (Gastown)	682 5455
Malcolm Lowry Room 4125 E Hastings (Burnaby)	685 0143
Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown)	688-8701
Odyssey 1251 Howe (West End)	689 5256
Old American 928 Main (downtown)	682 3291
Orpheum Theatre Smithe & Seymour (downtown)	665 3050
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown)	731 3456
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1732
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)	876 2747
Picadilly Pub 630 W Pender (downtown)	682 3221
Pit Pub basement, Student Union Building (UBC)	822 6273
Pitt Gallery 317 W Hastings (downtown)	681 6740
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall)	685 7050
Punk Listings	684PUNX
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir (downtown)	681 1625
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 16thAvenue)	738 6311
Russian Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown)	874 6200
Shaggy Horse 818 Richards (downtown)	688 2923
Southwall 23rd & Lonsdale (North Van)	980 5202
Speedy O'Tubbs Fairview (Bellingham)	(206) 734 1539
Starfish Room 1055 Homer (downtown)	682 4171
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End)	689 0096
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (downtown)	688 3312
3B Tavern 1226 State (Bellingham)	(206) 734 1881
Town Pump 66 Water Street (Gastown)	683 6695
Twilight Zone 7 Alex&der (Gastown)	682 8550
UBC SUBTHEATRE (UBC)	822 3697
UBC Grad Centre Gate 4 (UBC)	822 0999
Vancouver East Cultural Centre 1895 Venables	254 9578
Vancouver Centre Cinema 650 W. Georgia	669 4442
Varsity Theatre 4375 W 10th Avenue (Point Grey)	222 2235
Video In 1965 Main (South Van)	872 8337
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)	257 6205
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson(Granville Is.)	685 6217
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive)	254 5858
Yale Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown)	681 9253

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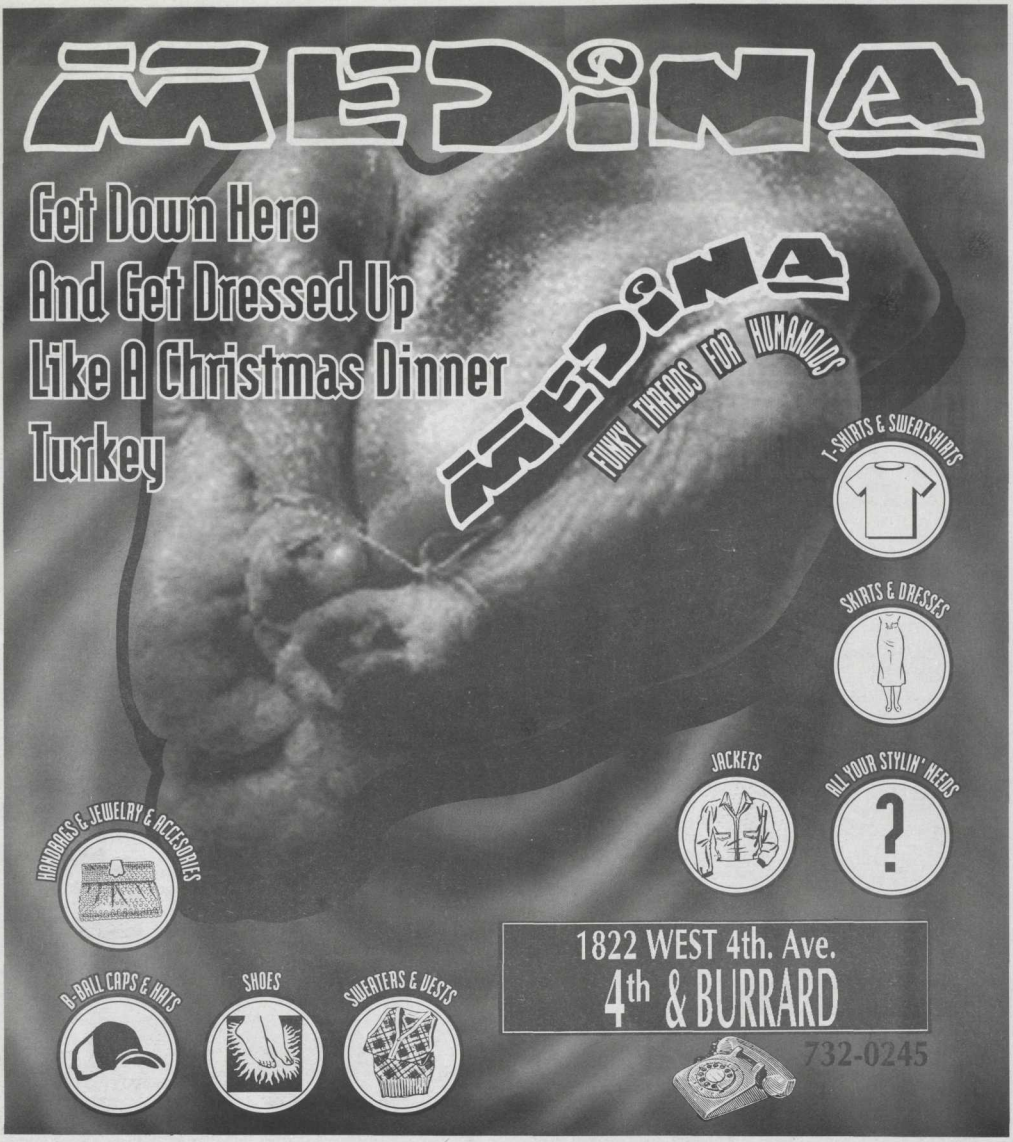
A SMALL RAY OF LIGHT — by SARA & JULIAN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Keep your eyes on these new import & domestic releases, now on sale at Zulu.

Veruca Salt
✳ **American Thighs**
Home of **Liz Phair**, **Urge Overkill**, etc., Chicago's winds blow another indie cool-thing! Enter **Veruca Salt** — the band destined to replace **The Breeders** or **Magnapop** if they should falter. Here's thirteen cuts of thick guitar pop. *American Thighs*, produced by Brad Wood (**Liz Phair**, **Jale**). "So windy, I'd like to pin you down and tack you to the wall." How nice!
16.98 ●

Portishead
✳ **Dummy**
Evocatively haunting, late night space soundtracks. Chilling, almost eerie dance grooves. A totally classy debut release which captures you from it's first notes to it's dying tones. Highly recommended!
16.98 ● 10.98 ▬

Doo Rag
✳ **Chuncked and Muddled**
Resonating with the spirit and [illegible] of the history they emul[illegible]ghly, **Doo Rag** take [illegible] dirt road tra[illegible] American south. Zulu News Flash: Shipments of Doo Rag's album have just been postponed by their record label until early next year. Sorry! [illegible]kenness, overalls, the M[illegible], swamp lands, and hard times. [illegible] authentic a hillbilly blues sound as two young white guys from Arizona could ever produce.
16.98 ●

Butterglory
✳ **Crumble**
Matt and Debbie Butterglory make music that sounds like these expatriate New Zealanders went to school in Chapel Hill, NC, summered in Olympia, WA, and eventually ended up in California, hanging out at the 7-11 with **Pavement**. If geography could speak! An honest and undeniably great low-fi pop record.
16.98 ●

Come
✳ **don't ask, don't tell**
Come *don't ask, don't tell*, they just try to show us something about the strange comfort of an existential détente through the sad beauty of their complex, textural, and engaging music, captured articulately through a solid blues rock aesthetic and performance.
14.98 ● 9.98 ▬

The Golden Palominos
✳ **Pure**
Heralded as an American super-group, **The Golden Palominos** truly are on par with renowned collaborations like **This Mortal Coil**. Lead by producer/ composer **Anton Fier** (**Bob Mould**, **Michael Stipe**, **Syd Straw**), The Palominos' *Pure* maps the lush terrains of contemporary music and culture. *Little Suicides* and *Heaven* feature Palomino stand-by **Lori Larson**'s voice, rich with despair, joy, and personal question. What results is a strident release.
16.98 ● 10.98 ▬

Face To Face
✳ **Over It**
Not unlike their forefathers of the early to mid-80s (i.e. **Naked Raygun**, **Dag Nasty**, etc), **Face To Face**'s *Over It* is a much-welcomed release for those put off by the homogenization of punk rock. *Over It* is either a long EP or a short LP (seven songs) of anthem-style rock.
12.98 ● 8.98 ▬

NoMeansNo
✳ **Mr Right and Mr Wrong**
Before **Andy Kerr** moved to Amsterdam, and NoMeansNo started the long, gruelling task of rebuilding, the band recorded some material that never saw the light of day — until now! From material dating back to four-track recordings from '79 and '80, to the three outtakes from last year's *Why Do They Call Me Mr Happy?*, *Mr Right and Mr Wrong* is a don'tmissdon't NoMeansNo collection.
14.98 ●

Silver Jews
✳ **Starlight Walker – Starlight Rocker!**
Wish you will, wish you might, you know this disc is gonna be alright! These low-fi rebels with a slanted and enchanted history drop some of the catchiest songs that no one knows about. We think it's about time that you found out.
16.98 ● 11.98 ▬

Various
✳ **Hey Drag City**
Hey you! If you wanna be turned on the the best truly independent label in North America, you gotta get this record! It's the very label that "discovered" **Pavement**, **Royal Trux**, **Smog**, and **The Palace Brothers**. With unreleased tracks from these bands and others, you can lay some of your hard-earned cash on this disc, knowing that it ain't gonna be a drag.
16.98 ● 11.98 ▬

Jon Spencer Blues Explosion
✳ **orange**
Think *orange* and you think flavour. And dammit, this record's got tons of it. Blazing, punked-out blues riffage from the hardest working entertainer going. If you missed his incredible performance in October, don't miss this red hot chunk of white trash blues that'll have you moving in ways that might embarrass your mother.
14.98 ● 9.98 ▬

ZULU'S NU'S

Daytona
They toured this great land of ours through the summer, and now you can catch them on their triumphant return to Vancouver.
Town Pump • Friday, November 19
Tix at the door

Sook-Yin Lee
Vancouver's perennial favorite has a new release on Zulu records, arriving the last week of November. Stay tuned!

All during November, all used vinyl is 20% off! Lots of stock will be added throughout the month to keep those bins happy and those fingers flipping!
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